

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE



HOUSE

AUGUST

5 CENTS

1916



"SHO DAT'S DE PAPA AH WANTS"

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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 other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find
 any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favor if they will so
 advise us, giving full particulars.

OUR FORECAST FOR SEPTEMBER

DO you remember the oldest nurse and the youngest nurse, and the baby in that moving story *In Payment* in our May number? We are to have another one of Helen Topping Miller's stories in our September issue: *Mistletoe* it is this time, and a story that quite lives up to the promise of its name. *Wotan the Terrible*, by Walter Dyer, is another one of our September stories; and Wotan is quite as enormous and amusing as his name. Dogs have a way of being funny when they try to manage a story, and Wotan is no exception. Then there is the serial, *The Little Gold God*—which means more about Betty, and her island, and Lieutenant Gordon whom she cannot quite understand, and the little gold god himself, who, curiously, cannot balance himself on his head any more, although he did so quite obediently before Lieutenant Gordon presented him to Betty.

About Wanderers

GYPSIES are real people, although most of us class them along with fairies, and myths, and other purely fanciful personages. But Edith Stow knows real gypsies, just as you and I know our neighbors with whom we drink tea or enjoy a social chat. She has traveled the highroad in a big wagon with a gypsy family, sat around the campfire in the intimacy of the family circle and listened to the music and stories, and she can even talk to them in their own language, all of which she tells about in *Gypsy Housekeeping*.

In *Taking the Children Over Fool's Hill*, Virginia Dale deals with the subject, guarding and guiding the children sanely through the difficult period of adolescence. This is a topic which will be of interest to every mother, and the writer has treated it in a simple, common-sense fashion which shows both her maternal sympathy and her understanding of the subject in the light of the best modern knowledge.

Two Pages of Pictures

PERHAPS you think you are as busy as it is good for a woman to be, holding down your own particular job. How would you like to meet a few women who hold, not one job only, but two, finding pleasure and profit in each? There are two pages of such women, with their

pictures, ready to tell you how they ply two trades successfully. One of them was the head of a dress-making establishment and enjoyed motoring as a pastime—so she donned a costume and secured a license, and became a professional chauffeur during her evening and leisure hours.

A Budget and the Washtub

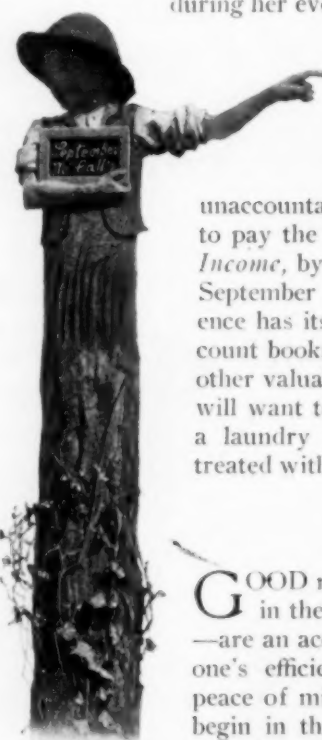
IF your income never will reach to the end of the month, and if James' new suit unaccountably used up the money that was to pay the meat bill, *Budgeting the Family Income*, by Elna Harwood Wharton, in our September number, will interest you. Science has its place even in the household account books. *Equipping the Laundry* is another valuable article, brim full of facts you will want to know. You will discover that a laundry is as good as a play room if treated with the proper consideration.

A New Feature

GOOD manners—the art of doing things in the way least liable to annoy others—are an accomplishment necessary to every one's efficient living, if not to their own peace of mind. Mary Marshall Duffee will begin in the September number her series of articles on good form, based on the teaching given along this line by one of the most select girls' finishing schools in the United States. They will not only indicate the matters thought important by these social mentors but will be full of pertinent do's and don't's.

The Fall Wardrobe

THE school-girl and the clothes she must have are the most absorbing topics in the mind of every one when September approaches. You will find just the coat and dress she will need among next month's designs. The new cape collars which stand out from the neck and form a square are also shown. The Home Dressmaking Lesson will give you full directions for making the one-piece dress, trimmed with the popular cartridge pleating, that you will be needing for your early fall street wear.



Mothers—Attention!

The October McCall's will contain a feature of vital importance to mothers and prospective mothers.

DON'T MISS IT!

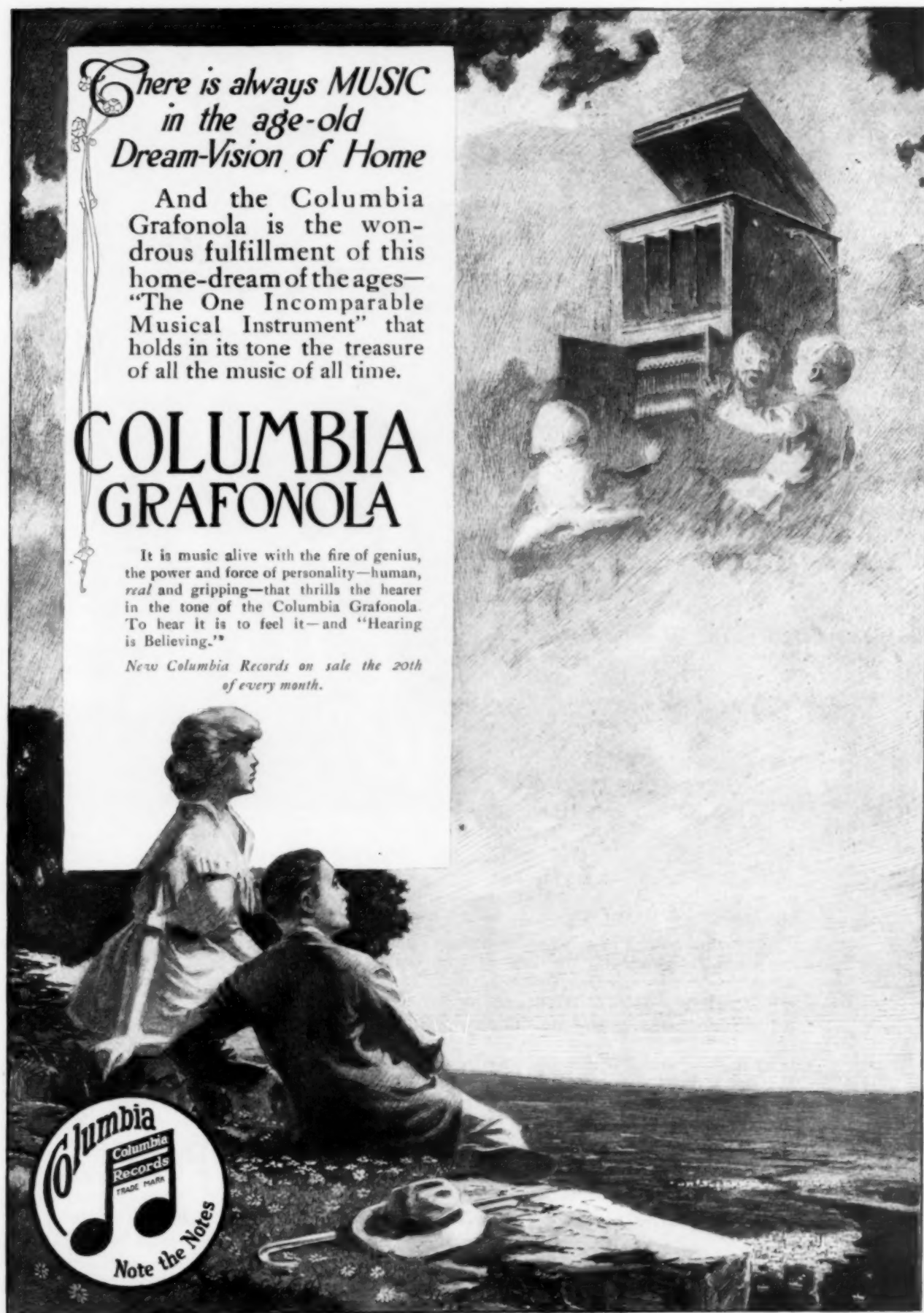
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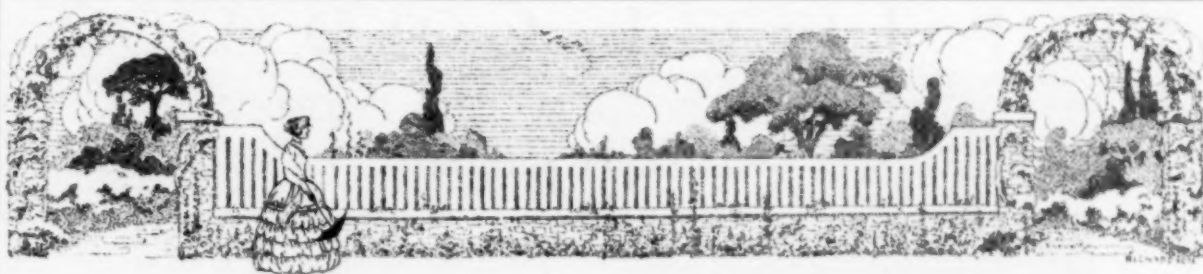
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August

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1916

I REMEMBER when I was a small child being much interested in the fact that all the babies I knew tried, at some

time or another, to get their toes into their mouths. I could not see why they went to all that trouble when their fingers would have been so much more available. That was one of my first problems, but the solution that an amused old lady gave me has stayed with me ever since.

"That is part of being a baby," she told me. "Even babies have to have some sort of self-expression if they are to be contented and happy, and that is their own peculiar little way of doing it."

I accepted it flatly then as a truth, but I have since, many times over, discovered its truth for myself. Each one of us has our own kind of self-expression, and have it we must or our lives are futile, meaningless, both to us and to the world. There's many a woman off on the prairies who can only give herself through people, and people are denied to her; and there are just as many women in the large cities lost among crowds of people, failing of their goal because they have something to give that only free time and the wide spaces, and the look of the vastness of the world on a dusky night can develop for them. All of us can work at routine tasks for years, if only fifteen minutes daily is given us for self-expression, but without that everything that pertains to us—our emotions, our brains, our work—is inefficient.

AND yet, thwarted, denied, fenced in, as you may be, there is a channel of self-expression open to you, a channel that perhaps you never thought of before as adapted to that particular use.

Sometimes, after you have read a certain story or an article, haven't you had a feeling of intimacy, an likeness with the spirit of the words, a sense of satisfying fulfillment? That sense of fulfillment that comes to you means the same liberation of your spirit, the same growth of your soul, as creation would have brought you.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

That story was self-expression for you, just as much as if you had written it yourself. The same is true of your magazine.

McCALL'S is yours. It is the expression of what you want, what you feel, what you

are striving for. True, a thousand and one people write for it, add to it, put it together, but they are merely the medium through which you, the readers, are expressing yourselves. Do you as a woman, as a mother, as a worker, as an idealist, want a place in the sun? Then so does the magazine. It is a part of you, it is you!

A magazine deals in facts, in incidents, in words, just as you that read it deal in actions, in emotions, in words; and underneath, building silently, strongly, inevitably, are qualities, the qualities the magazine senses in you and so takes unto itself. Do you love, and hate, and feel tender, and hope, and strive!—so does the magazine express in its own different way those same things. The magazine is the undercurrent, the residue, the philosophy, the endurance left after you have lived through and conquered each stress of life.

THROUGH your letters we feel you—and we want more of you to write us, and those of you who do write, to write oftener, so that always more definitely, more absolutely, we can be your magazine, your self-expression.

The magazine is a personality made up of hundreds of thousands of factors, and it, as a unit, is straining toward that same goal, material, mental, spiritual, that it feels in you. In the heart of the magazine are the babies, who must be made as far as possible into supermen and superwomen, the young people who must be taught how to take the sweetness from life rather than its bitterness, the mothers who have become dumb, the old who are tired; it holds them all in its heart, it is them all.

Keep in close touch with your magazine. Think of it as something that you are helping to mold, as something that belongs to you. It is your way of insuring that each of its issues shall have in it some of that self-expression of you that is so vital to your mental and spiritual health.

THE LITTLE GOLD GOD

By ROSE LOMBARD and AUGUSTA PHILBRICK

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT:—Betty Warrington is traveling across the continent, alone, to visit her father who is opening the Rosario Mine on a little desert island off the coast of Lower California, when she meets an old professor friend. He introduces to her Lieutenant Gordon of the U. S. Navy, who knows her father, and who is also going to San Diego. Lieutenant Gordon presents her with a mascot, a Little Gold God, who, if he refuses to bring luck in his right position, must be stood on his head. Betty does not know it, but the Lieutenant had unscrewed the Little God's neck and hidden in his bosom a note with a very personal and mysterious message. At Los Angeles, Betty is met by her brother, Ted, who is in love with Alice Nevins, a lovely California girl, and they go on to San Diego to visit a Mr. and Mrs. Reed who belong in the navy set and who entertain them lavishly. Both the Reeds and Alice Nevins accept Ted's invitation to go down to Rosario.

In which a young lady who found the truth troublesome is duly punished for telling a fib; and the Little Gold God becomes unbalanced.

THE mighty ocean has me in its grasp. We are steaming rapidly southward on board the nice, clean, trim little ship, "St. Michael." The lights of San Diego are already becoming dim and misty, and I am blue, blue, blue.

Ted and Alice are in the stern of the boat, laughing and chattering as if there were no broken hearts on board. Of course, they are happy. All that two people in their interesting situation want is a desert island and nobody to bother them.

This morning, on the army launch, on the way to the picnic, Mr. Vickson made a perfect nuisance of himself by just trying to monopolize me. I couldn't get away from him without seeming rude. I think everybody but me had a good time at the picnic. We joined a party going out to see the lighthouse and climbed into a big army wagon and were whirled across the pier and out onto the winding road.

The lighthouse was interesting, but Mr. Vickson was becoming an awful bore. On the way back, he stuck close beside me again, and on the other side I had a stupid middle-aged Englishman, who climbed over the back of the

wagon and flopped rudely into the seat, just as Mr. Gordon was getting over the side.

I didn't feel like talking and the conversation was becoming general, when suddenly the Briton at my side gazed deep into my eyes and exclaimed:

"Just fawncy now, Miss Warrington! I cawn't say how many green eyes I have seen to-day, don't you know!"

I didn't know. I only knew I wanted to topple him over backward and see him go squash in the road. I am awfully afraid I just glared at that Englishman. Isn't it dreadful to have such a nasty disposition! But I never have any manners when I am blue—and I wonder what color my eyes really are, anyway!

It was a perfectly hateful picnic. A lovely California girl carried off Mr. Gordon, right after luncheon, on some walk they had all planned. He did try his best to get out of it; and there were plenty of young officers hanging around ready to console me; but my day was spoiled, hopelessly.

WE returned to San Diego about dinner time. The steamer was to leave at nine. Mr. Gordon dined with us, and came down to the wharf to see us off. On the drive down, Mr. Reed and the Lieutenant got to talking about Cuba and comparing experiences there; and after we went on board, they walked up and down the deck together, while Ted and Alice and I went to meet the Captain of the "St. Michael."

When we reached the deck again, Mr. Reed was still talking Cuba, but Ted carried him off and left us suddenly alone on the little upper deck. I should have thought Mr. Gordon might have exhausted the subject during all that time; but he evidently seemed to think I was pining to spend the last few minutes before the boat

sailed in learning all about the queer customs in Havana. It wasn't very flattering. I couldn't help feeling that he was trying to keep to impersonal subjects. There was nothing to do but tell him that I would like to see it some day.



HIS HEAD SHOT UP DEFIANTLY. "SHE IS AN ANGEL!" HE CALLED BACK

"I am planning to go there on my honeymoon," he said suddenly.

I don't know; but I am afraid I gasped.

"Are—are you going soon?" I managed to say, after a little pause.

"I am not able to say," he said with a rather bitter little laugh. "The fact is, I have yet to gain the lady's consent."

"Oh, you are not engaged, then?"

I said it so unexpectedly, and I was so ashamed the minute it was out, that I stopped in the shade of the life-boat to hide my burning cheeks. But he did not seem to notice. If he thought I was showing an unmaidenly interest in prying into his love affairs, he was too considerate to let me see it.

"Miss Betty," he said suddenly, turning to me with great earnestness, "please be serious a moment. I am in really deep trouble and I think I can trust to your kind heart to help me out."

"What do you mean?" I asked faintly.

"I don't know much about girls," he said in that earnest, troubled voice of his, "and I thought perhaps you would be willing to answer honestly some questions that would help me to realize where I stand."

"A sort of sister-confessor? One who will listen to your sins and appoint a proper penance?"

"That is just what I mean," he broke in eagerly. "If you only would! If I could only get the girl's viewpoint!"

He was silent a moment and then demanded brusquely: "I suppose you absolutely refuse to believe in love at first sight?"

"Wait a minute," I laughed, "you have me in over my head immediately. Besides, this wasn't to be my confession, but yours. However, frankly, I rather think I don't believe in it. It seems to me there couldn't be anything fine or lasting about an affection that sprang to life like a mushroom, and I should expect it to end as suddenly as it came to life. So if it has to be just yes or no to that, I think it will have to be no."

"That makes it rather hard to go on," he groaned, and just then, there was a long, warning whistle from the "St. Michael" that drowned out all attempts at conversation for the moment, and made the Lieutenant jump nervously and look at his watch.

"Miss Betty," he said when the ear-splitting noise finally died away, "I have only a few minutes left; and you don't know how much it will mean to me if you will give me an honest answer to just one more question. If a man had been unusually indifferent to women and then suddenly had a girl walk into his life who was everything his fancy had always painted as the one and only woman; if he had let his heart run away with his judgment, and had blurted out immediately that he loved her; if he had offended her by such an over-hasty confession; if she had shown him plainly that she was indifferent to him—Miss Betty, do you think he must needs despair, or is it the way of a maid with a man to punish him for his lack of reverence by feigning indifference? Do you think perhaps she can be caring just a little after all, and that if he persisted he might have a chance to win?"

I CAN'T tell you how queer I felt, there in the shade of the life-boat, listening to the Lieutenant pouring out his confidences and begging me for a word of hope in the name of that other girl! I kept telling myself that I was glad he had honored me with this brotherly attitude. I tried to remind myself that I had thought all along that he might be engaged to some girl. I had to acknowledge that he had never by word or touch done anything to indicate that he was interested in me. But not by look! Oh, not by look! If he was breaking his heart over this charmer; if he was so utterly indifferent to women, why had he caressed me with his eyes there on the moon-lit veranda at Coronado? I felt my heart bursting with a hot resentment against him. Why, almost, he had begun to make me care! He was a flirt, a trifler, and was amusing himself with this melodramatic nonsense.

I stifled an overwhelming desire to tell him that the girl was an unspeakable idiot and he had much better forget her. If this train acquaintance of mine was a fraud and was trying to sting me into an expression of jealousy, why, he must be defeated in his design. Daddy's daughter had that to do. And if he were really head over ears in love with some other girl, he must be sent back to her. Daddy's daughter had that to do, too. I turned to him with my most sisterly smile and gave him my hand.

"You really must be leaving at once, Lieutenant," I said. "They are loosening the ropes on the gangplank. And for a good-by gift from me, I want to tell you that that is the way of a maid with a man. The more she holds back, the more you may bid yourself hope. When she thinks you have been properly punished, she will call you back. Deep in her heart, she is probably a wee bit flattered at your tempestuous wooing, no matter how firmly she is resolved to chasten you now."

He covered my hand with both his own and cried:

"Bless you for that, Betty! Bless you for that!"

IT wasn't worth while to remind him that Betty was a very familiar title for the use of my intimate friends. I stood on the upper deck and watched Mr. Gordon dash past the impatient sailors and onto the wharf. He turned and looked up. I leaned over the rail.

"Mr. Gordon," I said softly, "doesn't it occur to you that she is a good deal of an egotist?"

His head shot up defiantly.

"She is an angel!" he called back in return, and it was a mercy that the "St. Michael's" great steam whistle drowned out the rest.

In my state-room, I found a box of bonbons and an armful of roses, with Mr. Gordon's card. I suppose it is his usual way of expressing regret at having to end a pleasant episode.

The card made me think of that other gift of his I had in my purse, and I remembered that I had not looked at my mascot. When I unwrapped the little tissue-paper package, I discovered the Little Gold God with a nonsense note wrapped about him:

This Little Gold God of the Aztecs has proven a faithful mascot to me [he had written], and I pass him on to you with the heartiest good wishes. He can be trusted implicitly. I have whispered to him the deepest secrets of my heart, and they are tucked safely away in his bosom. What will happen at this transfer of ownership, I tremble to think. It may be I should not have parted with him. I feel that my fate is still bound up in him, and if he should become flighty, unbalanced, or lose his head entirely in your hands, it will bring me either a great happiness or a great despair.

I sat there thinking and looking at the Little Gold God a long time, and finally decided he had better stand on his head. But he will not stand on his head for me—at least, not on this wobbly boat. I must say I do not think much of him as a mascot. Not right side up, anyway. When I get to dry land again, I am going to see if he won't improve matters when he has a fair chance to balance himself upside down.

In which some visitors to Rosario inspect a patio garden.

Tuesday morning, I had my first glimpse of Old Mexico. When we awoke, we were riding at anchor in Ensenada Bay. We were rowed toward shore by the ship's boat, and at the end of a shaky, old pier we climbed a dizzy flight of ladder-like stairs, hanging out over the water. It was a long walk from the end of the pier to the shore, and I couldn't help wishing they had built the thing out a little farther so that you could step onto it from the steamer, as they do in civilized communities.

There is quite a settlement of English people at Ensenada. An English company owns nearly the whole upper half of the peninsula and runs it like a little principality. The picturesque Mexicans on the streets and the display of drawn-work in the tiny shop-windows were the only evidence that we were in Mexico, the atmosphere was so

British. Except for the Mexican prison—I forgot that. Such an imposing white stucco affair, with little turrets, like a festive birthday cake on the outside, and such a sickening, dirty place within. The poor fellows were a dreadful sight. They are given six cents a day to buy food, and they looked so gaunt and hungry.

Mr. Malpica, the ship's purser, showed us about. He is a Mexican gentleman, a very handsome, dark man, with a smile which is just a flash of beautiful white teeth.

Toward evening, we all went back to the steamer. Mr. Malpica was waiting to help us down the rickety stairs at the landing-place, and he stayed on deck with us to watch the sunset, as the steamer started southward again.

"What town do we reach to-morrow?" I asked. "I hope, whatever it is, that they have built a good, long, solid pier that the 'St. Michael' can tie to. I don't like this landing by jumping from the crest of a wave to a hanging ladder!"

It was a fascinating thing to see those teeth flash. I could almost forgive him for laughing at me, just to see him do it.

"To-morrow," he chuckled, "we reach the glorious harbor of San Quintin. There are miles and miles of yellow sand-bars, six tumbled-down Mexican shacks, and a deserted hotel. In one corner of the hotel they keep a little trading station. You won't be able to find any fault with the pier, Senorita, because there isn't any. But that need not trouble you," he added quickly, "for there is nothing to see; it wouldn't be worth while to go ashore at all."

"Mr. Malpica," I said earnestly, "I can't make Teddy tell me a thing about Rosario Island. He says it has to be seen to be appreciated. Is it really true that the country gets worse and worse as we go down the coast?"

"Worse and worse, Senorita," he assured me, and this time I didn't like his smile at all and went off crossly to hunt up Teddy.

Mr. Malpica did not exaggerate a bit. San Quintin was just as bad as he painted. The farther south we went, the more desolate the country grew.

On the morning of the fifth day, I was awakened at dawn by Teddy, who stuck his head through the port-hole.

"We are reaching the Island!" he shouted. "Jump into your clothes and hustle out here, Bettikins. We shall be rounding the Point now in a few minutes."

When I reached the deck, Rosario lay just ahead of us. All that was visible to my anxious eye was a mass of bare, rocky mountains rising straight out of the sea, with not a living thing in sight, not even a tree. I stared and stared; and it did look hopeless, certainly.

"Teddy," I wailed, "don't tell me that is our Island! It couldn't be! I never, in my direst imaginings, pictured anything as bare and bleak and heartless as that pile of rocks with the surf beating against it!"

"There, there, Kid," he laughed and patted me on the back, "do try to cheer up. You don't want to face Dad looking like that."

THE spray was washing over the deck and we were getting soaked. It was not long, however, before the steamer whistle blew a salute, and stuffing our fingers into our ears, we ran out on deck to get our first glimpse of the inhabited part of the Island.

We were just in time to behold the puff of steam, as the power-house blew the answering salute. At that, I lost my wits entirely, and, indeed, I have not yet quite recovered them. There was something pathetic and yet inspiring, too, in the sight of that little handful of modern buildings shining in the sun, on that great, rough pile of rocks lying bared to the rude buffeting of the open sea; something brave and heartening in the cheery shriek of the whistle sending a salute as big as the steamer gave.

The Captain handed me his glasses, and I held my breath as I watched a little boat putting swiftly out from the shore. By the time we dropped anchor, the boat was alongside, and if I hadn't been so busy hugging Daddy I should have been quite overcome with amazement at sight

of four dapper youths in white flannels climbing over the rail.

Ted, all happy grins, presented his Island family to us. Doctor Karl, the company's physician, and Mr. Nelson, a rosy-cheeked young Englishman who keeps the accounts, then Charlie Richards, a pale, languid boy, with rather affected manners, I thought. He is the son of a wealthy man in Milwaukee who is interested in the mine, with Dad and Uncle Granville. He graduated at Boston Tech. with Ted and is supposed to be down here to get the practical side of mining, but, according to Ted, he is mostly a nuisance. Last, but not least, came Dick Redding, the assayer, six feet tall, blue-eyed, light, wavy hair, and an adorable, boyish smile. We became friends instantly.

I think Dad was perfectly astonished to see the Reeds, but he seemed pleased, too, and he is used to having Ted invite every one he meets to come down for the fishing.

I WAS wild to go on shore at once, but the Captain thought the surf was too high and talked about waiting for the turn of the tide, so that it would be quieter.

"Betty never can wait for anything she wants," Dad laughed and put his arm around me. He drew me to the rail and hailed an old man who was coming alongside the steamer in a small boat.

"Hi, Commodore," he cried, "do you think you can get the ladies safely ashore in this surf?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" the answer came back, and you just felt from the confident tone that he knew what he was talking about.

"You will all be very fond of the old Commodore," said Dad. "He is a most interesting old fellow. He cares for the boats and catches the fish used on the Island. He built the surf boat in which he has come out to take us ashore."

"I'll go on ahead with the boys," said Teddy. "We will be on hand to catch you."

At that, my heart sank. I thought of the landing at Ensenada and wondered if we had to go through a similar ordeal. It proved to be even more exciting. The ride in between rocks and cliffs was rough and dangerous, and the old Commodore had all he could do to keep the boat from turning sideways in the trough of the waves. When



we were only a little way beyond the breakers, he held the boat still, which was something of a task. I wondered what the game was; whether we were to get out and swim, or whether we were to be hoisted ashore with a huge derrick which stretched its arms out over the water from a small breakwater built on the edge of the rocks.

Dad explained that we were waiting for the ninth wave, which, being the largest, is the safest to ride in on. The next few after it are small and not so apt to swamp the boat. It came at last, a great, green wall of water, and we rose on the crest of it and went flying shoreward and were dashed with a bang on a little stretch of rocky beach, amid a perfect shower of foam and spray.

A couple of Mexicans caught hold of the boat instantly, to prevent its being dragged out again by the under-tow, and the boys were there to lift us safely to dry land. When I turned and looked at the beach, with the tremendous breakers pouring in between the rocks, it seemed a miracle that we had landed at all in that thundering surf.

Alice's hat was drenched, and Ted took it from her.

"It was an extra heavy surf," he said apologetically. "Some days, it is as quiet as a mill-pond. We will stop at the Commissary for sombreros. You won't have any use for city hats here."

We followed Ted up the hill, and the Commissary proved to be the Company's store, where you buy everything that you have need of down here, from a box of dynamite to a hat or a bottle of stuffed olives.

I had been trying for weeks to imagine what it would be like to land at Rosario, but the one thing that I had not pictured among the probabilities was that, in five minutes after I arrived, I would be standing in a great

sun-lit country store, delightedly looking over a box of silken scarfs to select a trimming for a new and fascinating piece of millinery.

"Good gracious, Daddy," I cried, staring at the rows and rows of neat shelves of canned goods and merchandise, "did the mine fail and have you gone in for shop-keeping?"

"WE feed over three hundred people, Daughter," he explained, "and we have to keep such a big stock because the steamer comes only twice a month, and if the 'St. Michael' were to fail us by any accident we would be in a pretty bad fix."

"But your miners don't buy this kind of thing, do they?" laughed Alice, holding up her blue-and-gold silk scarf.

"Well, you girls did select our choicest article of fancy goods," he conceded, "but we didn't have them on hand just for you. I think Concha, the blacksmith's wife, has a scarf wound round her sombrero just like that giddy



"THAT, BETTY," SAID TED, LOOKING RATHER RUEFUL, "IS THE CASA CHOCOLATA!"

H. H. ALLINGER

crimson one Betty has selected. The women spend their pin-money on pretty fixings for their heads, and the men's taste runs to saddles." He pointed to a gorgeous silver-trimmed, carved-leather thing hanging above our heads. "There isn't a Mexican on the Island to whom that is not an incentive to industry every time he looks at it."

The Commissary sits quite close to the shore, but it also opens inland, and as we came out of the upper door, we looked up a steep hill at the top of which stood a long, low, rambling house, with a wide porch running across the front and Mexican flags waving from the pillars.

THAT, Betty," said Ted, looking rather rueful, "is the Casa Chocolate! I might as well confess at once that I am responsible for the paint, or Dad will do it for me. He wanted to paint it white like all the other buildings, but I had a fancy for a rich brown, with cream trimmings. I didn't take into account that the houses I had seen like that were beautifully set on green lawns, with plenty of foliage to soften the outlines. You have my humble apologies, Betsy, for making your home look like a huge decorated chocolate cake!"

"Couldn't we have the lawn and the trees in time?" I asked hopefully.

"We could not!" said Ted positively. "Aside from the fact that we could not afford the water necessary to keep them alive after we got them planted, there is a little obstacle in the way of an utter absence of soil in which to plant them, that makes it a hopeless horticultural problem. When I show you my patio garden, you will realize that I know what I am talking about."

The Casa is a great, square house, built Mexican style, with a patio garden in the center. In the very center of the patio garden stands one large, lonely, scrawny castor-bean plant—the only thing, Ted says, except cactus, that will grow on the Island.

Ted led us up to it, but I am afraid our expressions of admiration sounded forced.

"Poor thing," he sighed, "I suppose you have done your best! You wouldn't believe how I have sat up nights with that thing in the struggle to keep it alive. Once, I gave it a whole wagon-load of soil from the upper camp, where there are a few little valleys that are not all sand and gravel. The wretched thing was so grateful that it grew like Jack's beanstalk for the next few days. Dad and I were so excited that we had out florists' catalogs and had made up an order for a whole garden full of lovely green things. Then," he finished sadly, "hope died. That is, the castor-bean nearly died and we knew it wasn't any use to try."

Mr. Reed was enjoying it all very much.

"Why, my dear boy," he said, "I know a lot about gardening and I will be so glad to help you solve—"

"Thank you very much," Ted answered without enthusiasm, "but Luther Burbank himself couldn't help that castor-bean. Wait until you have tasted the water the unfortunate thing has to drink, and you will understand why gardening is hopeless on Rosario."

"Is the water so bad then?"

"Have you ever tasted rotten eggs?" demanded Ted.

"That will do, Ted," laughed Daddy. "I won't have you alarming our guests like that. Teddy speaks feelingly," he explained, "because we had nothing to drink when we first came here but that spring-water. We are still working to install the mining machinery, but the distilling plant has been running for weeks. Unfortunately, the distilled water is too expensive to feed to the garden or the live-stock, but you need never taste Rosario spring-water unless your curiosity tempts you to it."

There was a Chinese temple gong hanging in the patio, and a Japanese boy came from the kitchen and struck it softly.

I hadn't seen the dining-room, so that when we were at luncheon, with the table spread with our own familiar pretty china and linen and silver, I had to look up and stare at the queer trophies on the wall—antlers, and pelican wings

and the head of a magnificent mountain sheep—to realize we were really on Dad's desert island, and not back at our own home in Tarrytown.

Steamer day seems to be a busy time here. Right after luncheon, Dad appeared with an armful of letters and papers.

"Betty-girl," he said, "I am always up to my eyes in work, until I can get the steamer dispatched. I shall have to lock myself in my office for a few hours. Dick is the only one who isn't busy on steamer day, and he can be with you all and show you the lower camp to-day. When I get rid of the 'St. Michael' for another two weeks, I will have time to get acquainted with my family again."

There were plenty of interesting things to see: the barn-yard with the cows and the chickens and turkeys, and the corrals with the cattle and sheep and pigs, and the clever little cooling-room, built of iron and covered with gunny sacks kept moist by a stream of salt water flowing over. Here there were rows of golden butter pats and crisp heads of lettuce and other fresh garden things coming in from the steamer and being stacked into place. There isn't going to be much "roughing it" about this part of our life on Dad's Island.

Down at the landing, the great derrick is creaking away, busily lifting crates of freight from big lighters that lie bobbing on the waves just outside the surf; and great, heavy pieces of machinery are being loaded on eight-mule teams and started for the upper camp.

The upper camp is still a mystery to me, although I know there is another little village of working men up there, and the mines and the stamp mill. This has all seemed like an interesting dream. I don't feel half as desolate as I expected to this morning.

In which Ted runs from a steer and captures an angel; and Betty conceives an undying hatred for hair with golden lights.

FOUR weeks of Rosario, and I am growing to love it more every day. It is hard to believe that I was ever a silly, sulky little person, bemoaning my fate at having to spend the summer on a desert island. But how could I dream that rock and sand and sea and cactus could be so fascinating!

It is wonderful! There is nothing here but a mass of rocky mountains rising straight out of the water, all slashed into snags and cut into canyons, so that only a small part of the Island has ever been explored. There is no vegetation but queer cactus stuff, except on the pine-covered ridge of the highest mountain. Yet the coloring is beautiful—reds and browns and greens in the day-time, and at sunset, when the sea and sky are streaked with all the softest shades of the rainbow, the Island just melts into fairyland, and one can only stand and stare breathlessly at the beauty and majesty of it all.

There have been interesting expeditions, exploring the canyons with Dick, who is a splendid naturalist; and whole days of abalone gathering and fishing with the Commodore, a dear old chatterbox who has lived all his life next-door neighbor to everything that swims and creeps on the edge of the sea. Some of the best days we have spent with Dad, exploring the shafts and tunnels of Rosario, candle in hand and new thrills in the way of a breathless descent to new mysteries, in an ore-bucket waiting just around the corner.

I was expecting to find a river at the upper camp, and a long row of men picking nuggets out of dish-pans, as they do in moving-picture plays. Instead of that, when we had ridden up the road—a road all blasted and broken out through huge mountains and climbing up, up, up all the way—we found ourselves in a straggling village of huts and bunk houses, with the big stamp mill just below, and above, towering another thousand feet, the mountain in which the mine is located. From the upper camp, the mine looks like a lot of small holes in the mountain; but when you reach the holes, they are huge tunnels.

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THE CONVALESCENCE OF PAULINE

By ELIZABETH IRONS FOLSOM

Illustrated by STOCKTON MULFORD

PAULINE lay on the sagging lounge in the doctor's office, watching the design in the wall paper, which was winking back at her furiously that morning. The huge, purple fleurs-de-lis, on a background of musty blues, turned themselves into faces to leer at her; one outstanding petal on each side had pupils as of eyes, and they rolled about and pierced into the trembling soul of Pauline as she lay there.

"What do you think of her to-day?" she heard the nurse ask, and the reply of the doctor, made without consideration or fear of understanding. They talked over and around Pauline in those days, and she heard in an impersonal way, realizing often that she was the subject of the talk, and listening to it impartially, unless it lasted too long and her tired mind went reeling away.

The doctor was holding some sort of a machine over her heart, his thin, sallow face, with its constant smile, near to hers.

"There is no beat from her heart, Miss Morris," he was saying to the nurse. "It pats along; it is like the work of a laborer. A man who drives in a fence-post strikes with strong, steady strokes, then he tamps down the dirt about it softly—you know how. Her heart tamps along, instead of beating as it should, therefore the blood does not nourish the brain—"

Pauline sighed. It was all very tiresome.

The doctor picked up her hand. It had been hanging over the edge of the lounge, the finger-tips trailing on the floor. Its position typified Pauline's mental and physical attitude in those days—everything trailed, everything lapsed, nothing stayed by its own volition.

"See her finger-nails," she heard his voice saying. "Blue."

If it were her finger-nails they were looking at, Pauline felt that it was time to remonstrate. Surely—her thoughts flickered off.

THROUGH the open window came a fresh, warm air that touched caressingly her tired face, and lifted some of the heavy, dark hair that was parted over her forehead. It was the freshness and sweetness of early May in the Ozarks, and out of the window there was a stretch of far-reaching valley, shelved on each side by rocky terraces. The town clung to the terrace on one side of the valley. One climbed and climbed to get anywhere. The front yard of one house looked down into the chimney of its next-door neighbor; its own smoke swept the foundations of its companion on the other side. The main street wound its way along the base of the hills, where they ducked back and doubled on themselves; so also did the street. It ran by sheer precipices, by rocky jumping-off places where, far below, swept wide, stony stretches of green ground; it ran under shelving ledges of rock, for a mile; then it dived into pine woods, black in their greenness, and climbed haltingly to a higher terrace, swung round, and climbed to another, and all through a wilderness of greens, redolent with the spicy fragrance of pitch and rosin.

When Pauline first had been driven up that winding road and through the forest, she had at once lifted her head to point to the wonder of the redbud in its blur of cerise. Since then, there had been the dogwood, and then the roses that massed themselves wherever there was ground enough for a foothold. With a bunch of them on her breast, Pauline had lain for hours in her long chair on the balcony that swung from the window of her room, at the top of the mountain. "Always out of doors" had been the charge, and, in the sunshine, with the roses under her chin, looking out at the wilderness of green, she had passed long, vague days.

"Come, now," the doctor was saying, in a raised voice calculated to penetrate through dulled ear-drums into a brain that was tired of working. "Come, now, Mrs. Stanton. Let's see how we are this morning."



THE BIG MAN AT ONCE PUT HIS ARMS ABOUT PAULINE. "LET ME TAKE YOU," HE SAID GENTLY

"I am better," said Pauline painstakingly. They had just finished saying that she dropped the small words from all her speeches, and she had a flash of intent to show them their mistake. "I am better," she repeated slowly.

"On the road to Wellville," chirruped the doctor. There was a glow of what had been humor in Pauline's eyes as they met those of Miss Morris. Both knew that the doctor said that same thing every day. "If—says—that Wellville thing again—" Pauline had threatened; then she had forgotten what she was going to say, but both she and the nurse had laughed.

Pauline walked alone into the inner room. The doors were never just where she thought they were, and the chairs had queer methods of their own. In the inner room there were the familiar, sputtering electrical things that heated the rollers which were run up and down Pauline's spine and about her lax limbs. She had found interest, from the first, in the brass paraphernalia back in the glass case, where shining points spit blue flames at each other. Many such occasions had swept by Pauline during the weeks since she had been brought there.

From out the haze there had first fitted into her consciousness the doctor. She had felt resentment towards the little, spare man with black hair and black, pointed beard who had dictated her life there. He had chosen her hours for rest, her food, her exercise; and Pauline had an occasional flash of how she was going to dislike him when it would not be too much trouble.

Across the road from the hotel was a close depth of pine woods. One day the nurse, carrying shawls and pillows, crossed the stretch of rocky street, followed by Pauline, arisen to the dignity of walking alone. Over the rickety steps that spanned the fence, she was coaxed and hoisted, then she clung to the nearest tree and refused to go farther. "So steep—the ground," she moaned.

"It is not steep at all," cried the nurse cheerfully. "Just a little way, and there is a fine, soft, grassy place in the sun where you can lie, and I will read to you. Come now, dear! Just a step."

"I fall," wailed Pauline. "So steep!"

Her white face above her dark coat was strained and pinched. She had thrown back her head, and the throbbing of her throat showed through the pallid flesh. She clung to the tree in an agony of terror; so tightly her teeth held her lower lip, that there were flecks of blood there.

"Let go the tree, dear!" urged Miss Morris. "I won't let you fall. Come, just a little way!" Pauline's shaking fingers clutched tighter.

"Can I help you?" asked a big man who cleared the fence with a spring, and whose glance took in the shrinking, huddled figure. Pauline laid her face against the tree and moaned.

"She is just afraid of falling," explained Miss Morris. "She has been very ill, you see, and is nervous. I wanted her to lie on the ground there. It is so warm, and I was sure I could get her there; but she is frightened."

The big man at once put his arms about Pauline. "Let me take you," he said gently. Pauline relaxed her fingers, one at a time, watching his face. He waited without a word, and when the last finger had dropped, he lifted her in his arms. He stood and held her while Miss Morris placed the shawls and pillows on the spread of soft grass. He laid Pauline down; she did not open her eyes. One of the heavy, dark coils of her hair had loosened and the nurse knelt and pinned it in place. She smiled at the man as she arose. "Thank you, for her," she said. "She's been very ill, and is fanciful."

"She looks ill," he said gravely. "Does she improve?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

The man lifted his hat and walked away.

Pauline slept long, that afternoon, on her pillows in the sunshine. The hum of insect life, the faint half-movement of growing things all about her, the warm glow of the sun, the springiness of the reviving summer in the ground beneath her, lent, each of them, some of its strength. As the

days went by, life slowly crept back, and, little by little, the haunting, fearful things slipped away. She found, one morning, that she knew how to put on her clothes—she knew the order in which the puzzling garments went, she knew whether they buttoned back or front, and armholes ceased to be menacing affronts, she no longer had to lie in bed and dread the mystery of those clothes. She knew what to do first to her hair, she learned again to part the long lengths, to roll them in soft fullness over her ears, and pin the coils fast. There was no longer any speculation as to which was the right and which the left shoe.

THEN Miss Morris took the train back to her home, and Pauline climbed alone onto the creaking electric car, each morning, for her visit to the doctor's office. She went alone up and down the stairs, she learned to walk down the hills to the town, stopping for breathing intervals. She still chose the middle of the streets for walking—the sidewalks were narrow, and she could not rid herself of the belief that she would fall off them. Then she ventured to crawl over the steps into the wood, and to go a little way along the edge of it toward where a house was visible. She spread out her shawl under a tree and sat down, then back came racing some fears. Ants swarmed near—they certainly were large ones; the bark of a dog set her heart to beating; there came a lowing of cows. She cried aloud as steps came near her. It was a big man, his face faintly familiar. He smiled kindly at her, and Pauline gave a tentative flicker of a smile in return.

"Getting well, are you?" he asked cheerfully.

"Yes," said Pauline. Then, with a burst of confidence, "Think it—safe for me—to stay?"

"Quite safe," answered the man gravely, "and I live just there. I am going to sit on my porch a while, so you may feel quite safe. Was there anything that you were especially afraid of?"

"Well, I heard a cow—a dog—tramps—tarantulas."

The man remained grave. "The cows are beyond the fence; the dog is mine, and chained; it is too early for tarantulas—besides, they do not come in the woods; and the tramps—I will be on my porch as long as you want to sleep. It is good for you to lie on the ground. I believe one gets strength from its life, don't you?"

"I don't know—much. You think I am foolish."

"I think you are sick. If you want to lie down, I will tuck your shawl about you." Pauline lay down obediently, and he wrapped her shawl about her feet.

At once she heard again the drone of insect life, the sleep-bringing burr of spreading growth. Then from a near tree she heard a clear call of a bird whose song began with tender, plaintive notes and rose into a confident carol.

"Thrush," spoke Pauline quickly, raising her eyes. And then,

That's the wise thrush,
He sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
His first, fine, careless rapture.

Then the big man laughed gaily. "Good!" he cried. "Anybody who can quote Browning right off the reel like that, just when he's needed, is getting well fast." He laughed again, as if something had pleased him greatly. "Now, sleep!" he said. "I shall be on the porch."

Again Pauline slept, to a fresh, stronger awakening. There was a strange red rug over her when she awoke, late that afternoon.

"Mrs. Stanton," said the little doctor the next morning, amid the sputterings of his electricity and the frowziness of his office equipment, "you are going to get well."

"When?"

The doctor frowned. "Impatience! Be thankful that the time is coming, even if slow. What did you eat yesterday?"

"May I walk back?" she asked.

"Not all the way. Take the car about half the way, and then get out and walk, if you want to. Sit down when you get out of breath."



"I NEVER SHALL GET USED TO COWS," SHE SAID, AS SHE Huddled BACK OF GRANT HOWE'S BROAD SHOULDERS

And Pauline was sitting on the end of one of the ties after the car had groaned by, wondering if she dared follow the track through the denseness of the wood, and fighting away pictures of possible dangers, when the big man came along.

"Good morning," spoke Pauline gaily and an old smile-wave, such as in the past used to shine all over her face, hesitated and then came.

The man looked at her curiously. "May I sit on this next tie? I have never seen you smile before."

"Something to smile—for," said Pauline. "I am going to get well."

"Did you think you were not?"

"I—don't think I thought—at all. I am going to think, though. It's been hard to feel queer."

"I KNOW all about it," said the man. He had taken off his hat, and Pauline was noting the grayness of his hair about his temples. "I had that kind of a breakdown myself, some years ago. That is why I am here now. I come down here almost every spring and stay a few weeks, just to loaf around and soak up this air and forget. I bought that little house near your hotel, my first year, and I come back to it pretty regularly. It's an awful smash—the sort of thing you are getting over. You will have to watch yourself for years—perhaps always. But I knew you were getting well, some time ago."

"How?"

"Well, for one thing, because of your ears."

"My ears?" Pauline put up her hand.

"Yes, they are pink. They were like white wax, the first day I saw you, and many other days."

"Pink, now, are they?"

"Quite so. That means coming health. Ask your old doctor, and see if he doesn't say so."

"He considers finger-nails," said Pauline.

"Yes, finger-nails, too. I'll bet yours are pink."

Pauline took off her gloves, and they scrutinized her fingers. "You see!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"I hadn't noticed. I do not notice very—acutely. I must try."

"Don't try anything," he charged. "It will come of itself some day when you are looking the other way. Now, Mrs. Stanton, my name is Grant Howe. I live in New York, I am a lawyer, I am eminently respectable—ask your little doctor about me. You are pulling out of a bad business. What you want now is to laugh, to forget yourself, and let this air, these woods, do the work. I've loafed about here for years. I'd like to help you and show you some beauties that a little scared lady like you would miss. Ask your doctor if I am safe."

"I will," said Pauline. "Do you want to know about me?"

"I'll take a chance on you," he said dryly. "It's too hard walking for you on these ties, I know a short cut. Do you want to try it?"

And that was the beginning of many similar trials of short cuts.

Pauline freshened by leaps and bounds. The hollows in her cheeks were going, the dark rings about her eyes, the heaviness of the lids, the dragging step and speech; the small words came back to her sentences, a glow spread over face and delicate throat, even her hair seemed to take on life, as she walked bareheaded through the sunshine over hills and rugged country roads.

"But I never shall get used to cows," she said, as she huddled back of Grant Howe's broad shoulders, "they stare so. They always seem just on the point of doing something. I can't have a secure feeling about them. You know I don't mind the dogs any more—much, but I shall not try to like the cows."

They had crossed the valley where lay the town, that morning, and climbed by slow degrees the mountainside beyond. They stopped to peer into caves from which came the trickle of the springs, ice-cold and pure, and from which there led back remote passages. They sat on the rocks and ate strawberries from the tin pail they had brought with them; an impartial division was the rule.

"I asked the doctor, to-day," spoke Pauline, and the man with her smiled at the fresh alertness of her voice, "when I could go back, and he thought by the last of July. He says I am a wonder to have picked up so quickly. I might

[Concluded on page 74]

HER EXCELLENCY, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADRESS

By EMILY EVANS

WHETHER it was the fault of prevalent notables in a blue-and-gold Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm, or the highly romantic adventures of Mary, Queen of Scots, or Dickens' thick, green history of England, I can not precisely say. At eight, my heart was as set as stone. The neighbors, good creatures, proud, beautiful, and loved, were at a deep discount. My passion was for kings and queens, my only contentment in a lively circle where archdukes never spilled their soup or spanked their naughty daughters, and lord high chamberlains—if possible in ruby velvet and real ermine—announced countesses, marchionesses, and humbler "My Lady's." A princess I would be!

Titles, however, do not flourish in Elkhart, Indiana. Alas, I could not have the moon for dinner, and were it not for the timely visit to our country of an amiable Russian prince who was dined at the White House and had his repartee put into Associated Press reports, I might never have seen a way out of my dilemma. As it was, I decided to marry the President.

I REMEMBER at the time I was slightly puzzled why so many boys in so many families seemed marked by their fond parents for the presidency, while so few daughters had held up to them the golden destiny of a president's bride. I went to sleep extending a grubby, but haughty, paw to visiting nobility, and representing, in great state, the American people, eighty millions of them, fascinated, but quite equal to coronets and diadems.

Morning, as it so often does, opened up a tangle-wooded mountain of difficult uncertainties. I began the search for my president, but Room Eight in Central School showed no quarry. In vain, behind the grateful screen of Frye's Geography, I scanned the freckled faces of the presidential twigs. A mustard seed of bitterness at woman's sweet dependence on her man was planted in my heart.

That noon, I suggested to a startled family a departure for Ohio or Virginia, where I clutched at the hope that

great men sat at the benches of the upper-third grade. The family stared, and in the course of six months of hint and argument, I abandoned my project, for who can hunt for a needle in a haystack from the other side of a blank stone wall?

AND it wasn't until I was sixteen, and the wife of a former American consul at Copenhagen visited my mother, that I renewed my former dream and discovered the State Department. Consuls and their wives, I learned then, represented my country abroad, managing commercial affairs and studying the ways of business the world over, but the other branch of the State Department sent ambassadors and ministers to the courts of the world, and it was they who, more than presidents, roamed in the magic circle. For one traveling prince who came to Washington, there were a dozen in Petersburg or Berlin.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. P—, "the consuls do the real work; but, of course, social position, except in rare ports, lies altogether with the embassies. It is the ambassador's wife who can write memoirs of what the archduchess said to the pretty Infanta of Spain."

I promptly consulted a forgotten text on civil government, and discovered that the entire business of the United States with foreign governments is conducted through the State Department, which trusts its

representation to two sets of agents: American ministers assigned to the diplomatic service, and American consuls assigned to the consular service. It is no part of the text-book plan to deal with the wives of these officers, though I am certain as many girls grind through them as boys, and I think the authorities have been careless in not putting foot-notes to indicate the advantages accruing to wives who serve their country abroad. As it was, I was obliged to read all the glitter into that cold statement of facts.

Consuls, I learned, represent our com-

mercial interests, and reside at all large foreign seaports and manufacturing towns. Their principal duty is to see that the commercial laws of the country are enforced and that our commerce, merchants, and seamen are protected. They keep records of American vessels entering port, and provide for destitute seamen at the expense of the United States. If an American dies in any consular district and no legal representative is at hand, the consul takes charge of the estate and remits the proceeds to the United States Treasury Department to be held for claimants.



MRS. JAMES W. GERARD, WIFE OF THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY



MRS. WALTER HINES PAGE AND MR. PAGE, AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND, THE CENTER OF THE GROUP AT AN ENGLISH GARDEN PARTY

In the diplomatic branch of the service, which the consul's wife had made me feel was more my special field, the United States, I gathered, sent thirteen ambassadors: one each to Italy, France, Russia, Germany, England, Austria, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Spain, Turkey, Japan, and Mexico; and envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, ministers resident and chargés d'affaires to twenty-nine other places. I was immensely encouraged. The mere number made determination more practicable. The singleness of presidents had made them difficult.

ALTHOUGH there is some difference in titles and rank between ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary, and ministers resident, there is very little difference in their powers and duties. They must all carry out the instructions of the President, communicated through the Secretary of State; keep their own government informed of all matters that concern its interest in foreign countries—as, for example, what the probable action of England would be if America should ever have strained relations with Japan. It is

through diplomats that terms of treaties are arranged between our own and foreign countries; and they attend to the settlement of various difficulties that may arise, and to the protection of the lives and property of their fellow countrymen. Always, of course, the ministers and ambassadors reside at, or near, the capital of the country

to which they are sent. They, their families, secretaries, and servants are not subject to the laws of the countries where they are stationed. Our Russian Ambassador's wife has a particularly jolly time when she crosses the difficult Russian frontier with her thirty trunks unopened, while her unofficial friends sit by in tears as the Russian authorities ransack and frown over forbidden books or French gloves.

The house in which an ambassador and his wife live is considered as belonging to the United States, and as situated on American soil; all of which is a little grotesque, as the ambassador has to rent his own house, and the chances are that he pays more for it than the whole of his salary. Mr. and Mrs. Gerard, our present representatives at Berlin, pay \$15,000 a year rent, and as the highest salary paid to an ambassador is \$17,500, it is needless to add that the private pocket of the ambassador must be nicely lined with nuggets. I must admit I was very disturbed when I foresaw the problem of tremendous rents, and greatly regretted that our government, unlike most of the great nations of the world, had not built homes for its representatives in foreign

OUR MINISTER TO BELGIUM, MR. BRAND WHITLOCK, AND HIS CHARMING WIFE



MRS. F. C. PENFIELD, THE FIRST AMERICAN LADY IN VIENNA

"Well," she scribbled back, "she has to have three things: first, an indomitable digestion that can consume, without a single dyspeptic moment, innumerable official dinners; second, she must be prepared to give rapt attention to the greatest bores in Christendom, and smile like St. Cecilia on her dearest enemies; and she, as well as her husband, must know that when diplomats speak lightly they mean something serious. It is also a good thing to know languages. Most of our American women do not, and it makes their husbands much less useful."

But which languages should I know? It occurred to me it might be wise to choose my embassy before I

AMBASSADOR AND MRS. HENRY MORGENTHAU, WHO HAVE JUST RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES FROM THEIR DUTIES IN TURKEY



capitals. Notwithstanding, I went ahead cheerfully with my inquiries.

"What," I wrote to Emily, a gay little butterfly friend of mine, in Mexico City, whose talk of the diplomatic set had never seemed important to me before, "does an ambassador's wife have to be, or know, or do, or have?" It occurred to me that I might as well prepare.

I learned the language and then, in a happy flash, England suggested itself to me. There, at least, English would be quite acceptable.

The Court of St. James is conceded to be the pinnacle in the service of most countries. Mrs. Walter Hines Page, the present first American lady of London Town, has not, of course, been called upon to lead quite the life of [Con, on p. 80]

An Adamless Eden

LIKE the school children with a difficult algebraic problem, who have applied all the rules, tried this way and that, until at the end they are further from a solution than at the beginning, we embrace the opportunity to come to you for expert help, a hint, or a suggestion, in the hope of arriving at the correct answer to a very human problem, of universal interest.

"What shall we do with our girls? As in all country towns, the feminine inhabitants of our town greatly outnumber the masculine—always have and probably always will. This particular town is considered by all who ever visited it, a place favored by the gods. The master architect who planned and executed it gave a little Eden—but alas for us! an almost Adamless Eden.

"Like most gems, it is the pet and treasure of a millionaire family—to whom all praise be accorded for their untiring generosity in furnishing an appropriate setting. They have acquired most of the property of value, and no expense is spared when improvements are considered; but all is done with a view toward retaining its pristine beauty.

"All is exquisite, from the surrounding hills, covered with azure hue, to the picturesque lake; houses, up-to-date walks, roads and everything ideal—but constant association with perfection (or imperfection) often breeds blindness or indifference, especially among the young men, who look for more practical returns than artistic scenery.

"Education for its children is the chief aim and ambition of every household, and many sacrifices and self-denials are made to carry out such desires. But when the college course is completed, what then? The boys seek the cities, as offering better opportunities. They rarely return, except, perhaps, for a visit—and forget the girls left behind.

"It is true there has been some provision made in this town for the young men. We have a couple of banks, a large printing-house, a number of stores, but they are inadequate for the rising generation. Only a few of the many can be supplied with positions, and when once secured, these apparently become life stations. Few men resign, and they don't die young. The unprovided drift away, and they are in the majority. So much for the boys.

"As to the girls, they evidently have no future. When the question of their future arises, the answer is, why don't they get married? Well, why don't they? They cannot propose, and even if that were the custom, there is no one to propose to, and polygamy is not allowed. As for vocations, some of the girls become teachers, but not in their home town; some (with a college education) marry farmers and vegetate, rather than join the line of the single file.

"There is not much in the way of recreation for the girls—in summer, picnics up the lake; in winter, skating. But both are stupid without the desirable escort, although occasionally a few school boys may be captured to act the rôle.

"We could form a regiment of the single women of this town—clever, intelligent, lovable, and all worth knowing—

OUR HUMAN PROBLEM PRIZE CONTEST

This is the third group of prize-winning letters in our contest. The problems which these letters contain are as different as are the temperaments and situations of people. Some are personal problems, while others are questions of general interest in the community in which the writers live. Each is vital and in urgent need of solution.

who, through no fault of theirs, are failing to fill the places nature intended them to fill. Many shoulder the responsibilities of helpless or shiftless relatives, and try to find compensation, in a measure, for what they feel they have been cheated out of. We have another regiment in the younger generation, for whom, unless especially gifted and progressive, the same fate waits.

"What shall we do?

We do not want them to go out into the world alone, and it is not possible for their elders to accompany them—their interests compel a residence in the town. What vocation is there for the girls? Some say millinery, dressmaking, or similar trade, or a profession, such as music. One in a hundred is endowed with sufficient talent to make a musical success. As for millinery, two or three milliners, at most, are sufficient to accommo-

date the residents of the town. The same conditions apply to dressmaking. Besides, in these days of efficiency one must be born with talent for any chosen pursuit. No mediocre aspirants need apply. So it goes—we never arrive anywhere when discussing the subject of our girls. Can you advance some new theories or practical advice? What can be done to keep them with us and keep them satisfied?

"Even with the knowledge of the shortage of the male species, there are those who urge war for this country. What a dearth of men there will be then! Perhaps a solution of the girl problem will be arrived at by training the girls to form a military regiment (they cannot all be nurses), and sending them to the front, giving them a chance to make a brave and glorious exit. What say you?"

The Lonely Child

WE are living in a small town where a doctor and quarantine seem almost unheard of, even in cases of contagious diseases. The children speak either their own language incorrectly, or else a broken English. They have to be watched carefully, because they have no regard for other people's property and snatch up anything within reach that they think they can get away with, without being seen. Above all this, and far worse, they are wise beyond their years regarding things no child should know, and use words and expressions and have habits that shame a grown person to think of.

"Our little daughter of four years is outside now, watching groups of these children playing, and I hear her merry laugh at their pranks. Now they call to her and she answers, 'My mamma does not want me to.' I know that, presently, she will come running to me with beaming face and ask, 'why can't I play with them? I like to so.' I'll take her on my lap and try to explain again why she had better play just by herself, but I shall see the light fade from her face and the tears gather in her eyes, as she says, 'but I want to, anyway; 'cause I like to so.'

"Then, because my heart aches for the little, lonely girl, I'll lay aside the work that should be done and will go for a romp over the snow-banks until she has forgotten her trouble. But I cannot forget that I'm depriving her of something that every normal child needs.

"If we deny our child the privilege of association with other children, how can we make up the loss to her?"

"In a few years she will have to go to school with these same children. How can we keep her mind clean and sweet and wholesome?"

"Won't some mother who has had to face this same problem tell us how she has solved it?"

The Empty Church

I LIVE in a small country place containing a church, a store, and a post-office. Some of us have many other things that we are putting up with, but the problem that troubles us most is the response we receive in trying to get people to attend church services. There are a few who regularly attend, but, aside from these, we are lost.

"Our church may not be as nice and convenient as some, but it is generally warm, clean, and fairly comfortable. We have a piano, good hymn-books, and everything that could make things interesting if people only would come and help.

"We have a good minister. He gives fine sermons, and those who do not come to hear him, miss a great deal. He has three different charges to care for, and that means three sermons to give on Sunday. I have known him to drive four miles through the cold and storm, and when he reached us, have to preach to three or four people. It certainly is discouraging for anyone.

"The minister and some of the members have tried their very best to get people interested in the work of the church, but only a very few have responded to their earnest pleas.

"If a lecture or an entertainment of some kind was being held, there would be from seventy-five to one hundred present. Why could they not attend church services? How can we get them interested in the work, and instead of only having twenty, have perhaps fifty or more at each service?"

A Community Without Social Life

IN this age of many and varied activities, it should be impossible that any one should be lonesome. On the contrary, it seems to me that everybody is lonesome. There seems to be, in many small towns, as in ours, a very narrow, selfish spirit. Every one is working for his own pleasure, and in a broad sense, nothing is being done for the betterment of the social life of the community.

"This need of social life is, perhaps, not felt so much by the young people of school age. Their interests are in their school life. And yet many of these very young people do need something. For, being left too much alone with no better entertainment provided to occupy their minds, they run the streets, and get into mischief.

"In this town of about two thousand inhabitants, there are two picture shows, each doing a flourishing business. That seems to be the only sort of entertainment the town affords. While I do not condemn picture shows, yet I do think there should be, in addition, some other sort of social life provided.

"For those who are not club members or attending some school, there is really no social life whatever. The town is all divided up into little cliques, with no community interest

WHAT SOLUTIONS CAN YOU SUGGEST?

Can you solve the problems which front the writers of these letters? We will pay \$15 for the best solution submitted to us before August 20th for any one problem, and \$5 each for all others which we deem worthy of printing. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to compete, and you may send in a solution for one or all of the problems.

at all. There are teachers in the schools and the college who have nothing to do but teach day in and day out, with none of the social relaxation that might relieve the monotony.

"There are girls here who have gone through college, some who have studied abroad and who are now performing the home duties for their parents. It is these girls who have completed their education who feel the need of social life most keenly. For, not connected with organizations or school affairs, they are simply left out of things. One does not need to go away from home to be lonely; home is the loneliest place I have found. There are a few of these lonesome young people who manage to while away the time by dancing and playing cards,

but these amusements are not countenanced by the best people and, hence, to say the least, are not indulged in by the wise and prudent. It is, therefore, something better, something to take the place of, to eliminate the need of, cards and dancing for which I argue.

"I plead for something different, something which would change the social life of the entire community, which would give the younger people something better to think about; something more cultural, refining, uplifting to do; something which would raise the standards of morals among the young people; something which would create a better, more friendly feeling between the educated and the uneducated, so that our town might be more wholesome and interesting to live in, and less dull and lonesome—a town characterized by a broad spirit of community interest and fellowship."

Education for the Farm Children

MY problem is a personal one. It also concerns the community. I live on a wheat and stock farm near old Ford Larned in the banner county of the Kansas wheat belt. We made our home here a few years ago, because my health had failed and my physician had ordered a change of climate.

"One of the things that I am putting up with is a poor school for my boys and girls. I am trying how to change this—which of two things to do. Shall I stay on the farm and send my young daughter, fourteen years of age, away from home to board among strangers, while she finishes high school, and let the other children drive three miles to an unsatisfactory district school?

"Or shall I rent property in town, and the children and I move in, leaving the father on the farm to 'bach'—a very disheartening prospect for a home-loving man, despite the fact that he has a car and the best of country roads. I wish to do all in my power to help my husband pay for our home. I can put up with the social limitations, the inconvenient farm-house, the loneliness, and the weariness of mind and body that come to the average farmer's wife and the mother of a family of children—each of these things is a Human Problem in itself and can be met—but I do so much desire to give my children the best mental and moral training, to fit them for life's duties."

[Continued on page 29]

THE FLURRY IN LIGHT AND HEAT

By HAROLD C. BURR

Illustrated by FRANK RAYMOND

ONE afternoon, Mr. Adams, a customer of ours, blew out his brains in our office. But that is just like a woman—starting her story in the middle and working toward both ends.

To begin at the beginning, I want it distinctly understood that I'm not looking for sympathy. I never could abide the tragic-eyed type of female. By day, I'm too busy to indulge myself in morbid longings, and too fagged at night. I don't believe I've ever communed with my psychological self in my life. I wouldn't know it if I met it on the street.

Myrtle Flanders, stenographer in the office of Hopgood and Hopkins, Stock Brokers—that's me. Or was, I should say. Since then I've been fired, discharged by Percy, himself.

Percy Hopgood is our senior partner. I admit I loved him quite shamelessly, but not hysterically. He wasn't a dashing cavalier. For one item, he wore those funny tortoise-shell goggles. He was thin, afraid of anything that wanted to vote but couldn't, and was methodical. I believe he could rattle off the surplus of every jerkwater railroad in the country, or the ore reserve of any little hole in the ground in the cobalt region of Nevada. In brief, he was a bloodless sort of human financial machine.

Until I got my bearings, I was a gibbering idiot about him. Then I grew very rational and saw things in a clear, white light. Percy had inherited a few millions from a thoughtful ancestor; he carelessly paid me fifteen dollars a week. I was slangy; and he never made a social break. After getting that far in my comparison, I knew my place.

Besides, I was no beauty. The Lord built me for rough work, a sort of shock-absorber. I'm freckled and much too frank—for a woman. I never could twitter the seductive song that lures the male. I haven't the art of being aggravating—I look more natural with a pad on my knee, taking prosaic dictation, or rattling a typewriter's teeth.

It isn't such a makeshift alternative as some of the bonbon nibblers might suspect. It pays my room rent and buys my clothes, and helps my father. Every husband doesn't do as much for a woman. But I should be more careful to speak in the past tense—now that I'm out of a job.

My father invents things—all sorts of devices, from invisible face-powder to a chemical for the removal of mountains painlessly to nature—and I invent ways to keep us both on my salary. He's an impractical old dear. I think his dreams keep him young.

Primarily, this isn't my story at all that I'm giving to a breathlessly waiting world. It's Percy Hopgood's story. All through it, I'm cast for the part of the shrinking violet. And they're big scenes that are set in the liveliest broker's office south of Wall Street. The orchestra running through it is the clicking ticker, and its back-drop the big quotation-board in our customers' room. Nor is it all sordid, cut-throat business; it's tangled up in a golden thread of romance.

IT all rightly began in front of that quotation-board. Jimmy Russell, I remember, was droning out the fluctuations of the different stocks, perched on his high stool; and Pete, the office boy, was sliding the bits of green paste-board in their right grooves as adroitly as any card sharp. The market was rocketing, and there was excitement in the big leather chairs.

I was just putting on my hat to snatch a bite of lunch when the bulls began to run amuck and the railroads went kiting. We had some bears on our books—notably Mr. Adams—and they began to growl anxiously. Being, for the minute, the innocent bystander, I got a thrill myself—vicariously.

Then I heard Mr. Adams' pistol go off, and I guess I stuffed my fingers into my ears. Before that, I had seen him rise shakily from his leather chair and grope a little blindly in his pocket—for a match, I thought. I didn't even see the gleam of the bright metal that novelists love to speak of. He just swayed drunkenly and laid down on the carpet, curling his arm under his head to be comfortable. The acrid smoke sickened me. Over in the corner, the ticker's song had changed. Now it croaked blatantly, boasting of its latest victim. I hated it.

I didn't go to lunch. I'd lost my appetite. Poor Mr. Adams was surrounded. I crouched down and peeked through myriad trousered legs. He seemed to be alive, but the spark was feeble. I saw his lips move and one of the clerks take down what was said. Then he stretched out rigidly. Afterward, a burly policeman arrived with his note-book and took charge.

BUSINESS in our office was at a standstill. I never saw so many white faces. Pete's futile little green cards were scattered before his board like a child's discarded playthings. The suicide was laid out on a table, under a rug, waiting for the coroner or somebody. But nothing could stop that plagued ticker's brassy pean of victory. I wanted to throttle it with a hammer.

Mr. Hopgood's buzzer sounded while I was wandering aimlessly about the silent rooms. It was one of my duties to answer it. Well, I dabbed my hair—a woman's first step to getting a wrestler's hold on her fidgeting nerves—and entered his sanctum to see what he wanted. There he sat in front of his desk, serene as a Chinese god. The tragedy in the customers' room hadn't upset his orderly mind a jot.

"Miss Flanders," he said crisply, picking up a sheet of paper from his spotless blotter, "I've had the bookkeeper make up this statement of Mr. Adams' account with us. Mr. Adams, as you doubtless suspect, was heavily short. The rise wiped out the last of his margins. He was a penniless man when he sent that bullet into his anatomy."

I gulped. "That's too bad," I said—shortly, I'm afraid. "On this statement, he's credited with five hundred shares of Municipal Light and Heat," my boss went on woodenly, while I could have scratched his eyes out. "The stock is—unfortunately for his heirs—worthless. Otherwise, his account balances to within a few cents."

"Did he ever mention having any surviving relatives?" I questioned perfunctorily, wondering why he was taking me into the firm's confidence. But the reason was coming inexorably.

Percy squinted through his glasses at another memorandum on his desk. "Jenkins took down his ante-mortem statement," he continued, bloodlessly as a fish. "He said to notify his niece—a Miss Lucile Adams, same name as his—with whom he lived, up on Washington Heights. I want you to call on her this evening, please, if you have nothing else to do. You can break the news more delicately than a man."

More delicately than some men, I thought resentfully, but, of course, I didn't say so, being a mere wage slave. In that bitter hour, I heartily despised myself for feeling any affection for such a cold wretch as Percy Hopgood was proving himself to be. Still, he was considering Lucile Adams' feelings somewhat. I gave him credit for that.

"Very well, sir," I acquiesced meekly.

He handed over memorandum and statement. "Take these along for your guidance, Miss Flanders," he said in his tone of dismissal, "and report to me in the morning."

Behind his back, I made a face, and went out to gulp down some malted milk with an egg broken into it, because I was feeling dizzy from lack of food. Father and I lived in the wilds of darkest Brooklyn, and the subway ride up to Washington Heights was a good deal out of my way. But I had enough to keep me occupied mentally. I knew, smatteringly, how Mr. Adams had come to own that Municipal Light and Heat stock originally. He had bought it through our office—but not on our advice.

Old Jonas Leggett, the withered old fox who went to church on Sunday, had been sponsor for the corporation. In the old days, he really had had faith in Light and Heat, had predicted a great future for it, and backed it out of his own pocket. But it had flickered out, and Leggett had withdrawn his capital; not, however, without being loaded up with a block of the stock. This he had simply sold to trusting people like our Mr. Adams, for whom he professed friendship. I didn't understand all the choice details, but I had Jimmy Russell's word for it that it was a sweet-scented bunco game.

I alighted among the modern cliff-dwellers and hunted around for Lucile Adams' flat. She lived in what they call a kitchenette apartment. The imitation onyx entrance hall was impressive, and I stepped gingerly into a gilt elevator cage. On the Adams' floor, I rang the bell to the left of the tin door, and heard light steps tripping along the hall. I braced myself for hysterics.

MY first sight of Lucile Adams classified her instantly. She was slender and addicted to sagging herself languidly in the middle, pressing her fingers to her hips, and standing in that position. When she went out, she wore a pill-box on her head and took mincing steps. In a doll-baby way, she was pretty—big eyes and a little mouth, and a brain to match the mouth, I strongly suspected.

She stared at me tentatively, her heels so high she was positively tilted forward. "Has—has anything happened to Uncle Elf?" she gasped in a stifling voice, seeming to divine my mission.

"Yes," I nodded gently, for, after all, she was a sister in distress. "He accidentally shot himself this afternoon."

The eyes got bigger than ever and the soft, transparent skin whitened under its coating of pink powder. "He's dead!" she moaned, taking the words out of my mouth. "You needn't tell me. Oh, I just knew something dreadful was going to happen—he was so late!"

Then she just flopped over in a swoon. I picked her up as if she had been a feather and carried her into a front room. The lights were switched on there, and I saw the evening yellow journal tossed aside on the floor where she had thrown it to answer my ring. I laid her on the lounge and bathed her forehead with some cold water and chafed her wrists.



AT WHAT I SAW, I STIFFENED LIKE A SUFFRAGETTE AND TURNED MY FACE TOWARD THE OPPOSITE WALL

"What am I going to do?" she muttered selfishly, when she came around under my ministrations. "Oh, I wish I were dead! I do! I do! Did Uncle Elf leave anything for me to live on?"

I thought of that white-haired, tired old man lying down on the carpet, with his arm curled under him, and I suppose I must have snapped out my reply, "Nothing but five hundred shares of Municipal Light and Heat."

"The stock he invested my money in. Can I sell it?" she demanded.

Here was a complication. "You can't give it away with a pound of tea," I told her harshly.

"Then I'm penniless," she moaned wretchedly, weeping copiously into her handkerchief. "I'll—I'll starve—he's—he's left me to starve. Twenty-five hundred dollars! And it was all my own money, every cent of it! Oh, how could he be so wicked!"

HALF-HEARTEDLY, I attempted to console her. She seemed to place a good deal of dependence on my judgment. I suppose she thought me old enough to be her mother, and I was, too—in good horse sense. I made her tell me just how she stood financially. Luckily, Mr. Adams had belonged to some sort of a lodge that would bury him. But the larder was empty. She had been waiting for her uncle to take her out to supper.

Of course, I didn't ask, but I surmised that she didn't have a man to look out for her interests—a fatal drawback in a clinging vine like Lucile Adams. Nor could I provide her with one of the domestic animals. I couldn't get one for myself.

"It's not so bad as it might be," I reassured her, patting her highly manicured fingers. "Why not come down to the office after the funeral, and have a talk with Mr. Hopgood? You'll find him very—fair. He may have a job he can offer you."

My businesslike proposition frightened the butterfly half out of her scanty wits. She was as fit to cope with life as a pet canary to give battle to a hungry lion. But I joked and took it all as such a matter of course that I managed to inject a little confidence into her quaking heart. She sniffled, blew her nose daintily, and said she would do what I thought best. I left five dollars with her, for incidental expenses, and she embarrassed me dreadfully by falling on my neck.

That was the last I saw of the superficial creature for a week. I made my report to Percy about how our customer had rashly speculated with his niece's funds and lost them. My employer looked grave at that. He was noncommittal when I sprang the suggestion about taking the girl into the office.

"Umn!" he said judiciously. "What can she do?"

"Nothing," I declared without hesitation, "but fix her hair in fifty-seven varieties and powder her nose."

I had an inkling that when Lucile had spent my five dollars she would show up at Hopgood and Hopkins', for further funds. But I resolved to be deaf to her, this time, and discourage any hints for additional loans. If there is anything I hate, it is a female grafter.

Well, one morning she put in an appearance, running straight up to me, because I was the only person in sight she recognized. I was a bit formal, but took her in obligingly and introduced her to Percy. He took one look at her and blushed to the roots of his hair. I left him awkwardly standing. Lucile was flirting with the poor man outrageously. I flounced back to my typewriter, calling her a shallow-pated little fool, if she thought she could get around the calculating Hopgood.

Miss Adams spent most of the morning closeted in there with Percy. I watched the glass door enviously. When she did finally emerge she was giggling. I made believe I didn't see her, because I was furiously jealous. But she came over to say good-by, interrupting an important letter I was transcribing.

"The best news!" she gushed at me extravagantly. "You were wrong about that stock Uncle Elf bought for me, Miss Flanders. Mr. Hopgood—isn't he the loveliest man? I adore his glasses! They make him look so intellectual, positively distinguished!"

I rapped the keys viciously. "What does he say about Light and Heat?" I asked pointedly, discouragingly.

"Oh, I forget! He says he's been looking into it for me and that it may prove really valuable," Lucile rattled off, spying a mirror over our wash-basin and preening herself before it. "He gave me no end of stupid statistics that I made believe I understood. Anyway, I won't have to go to work here. I don't think I could stand it. The doctor says—"

But I switched her off symptoms in a hurry. "Things do come pretty fast here sometimes."

"Mr. Hopgood's advanced me a hundred dollars of the perfectly huge sum I'm going to make on my stock. And he's to let me know every day how the—the market is going. I am terribly excited!"

"I should think you would be."

I was excited myself. Out of his own mouth Percy Hopgood had condemned Light and Heat. Yet here he was margining it for this doll-girl. Afterwards, I tried to get Jimmy Russell to get me a quotation on the stock, thinking some news might have come out about it. He laughed in my face. There wasn't any market for it.

I cogitated deeply. "Well, of all things!" I exploded at length in feminine amazement. "Percy's gone and fallen in love with her! What can he see in her to admire?" But I had asked myself the unanswerable question that every woman puts to herself some time in her life.

What Hopgood had done was too foolish to explain otherwise. It gave me cold qualms and made me irritable, but I determined to find out the worst. Percy was too much the timid creature of conventionality to support a strange woman indefinitely out of his own pocket. I began to pump Jimmy Russell, who handled all the firm's orders to buy and sell stocks. Municipal Light and Heat was traded in out on the Curb. By degrees I learned what Percy was up to.

"He has his gun out for old Jonas Leggett," Jimmy poured into my ear confidentially. "But, first of all, he will have to shoot the needle into that Light and Heat pup, so it will make a noise like a regular stock. The boss has sworn on his ten finger bones to make Adams all square with Leggett. He's going to make Leggett buy back the Light and Heat at an inflated price. Wouldn't think Adams' death would affect him that way, now would you?"

NO, I wouldn't," I said carelessly. And it hadn't, but I didn't take the loquacious James into my confidence.

Hopgood soon got the machinery of Wall Street orthodox manipulation in motion. It must have cost him a pretty penny, that attempt to smoke old Leggett out of his hole. None of the moth-eaten tricks would do it. Percy early discovered that. Light and Heat came to life on the Curb, and began to behave strangely. It soared, only to collapse like a pricked soap-bubble. There was no demand for the shares. Jonas Leggett—or anybody else, for that matter—didn't even appear curious. Our office didn't get a nibble.

I noticed that Percy waxed worried about his failure. He didn't have much imagination, and I set my own wits to work on the problem. Naturally, I was handicapped by my lack of knowledge of frenzied finance. Least of all, did I want to propose some hair-brained scheme and have him laugh at me. But I wanted to help passionately. I was loyal to Hopgood and Hopkins.

When I got home, I found our gas bill shoved through the crack under the door, and that gave me the big idea in its infancy.

In the morning I entered Hopgood's sanctum timidly. "Excuse me, sir," I began in my best self-effacing manner. "But I'd like to drop a little suggestion in regard to getting rid of that Light and Heat for Miss Adams. Of course it may not be any good, not a bit practical. I'm just offering it for its worth."

"Certainly, Miss Flanders," he said cordially, to put me at my ease. "We are doubly anxious to unload that five hundred shares. I violate no confidence in telling you that we've been creating a fictitious market to that end."

"But the fish won't bite?"

"No, Leggett's too wary an old shark to be caught with ordinary bait. But I'll take every dollar of my personal bank balance to make him make restitution to Miss Adams!"

I watched his eyes when he pronounced her name, and my soul curdled. The light in them was the mute yearning of the ages. My gorge rose in rebellion. Who was this

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BALANCING THE VALUES OF LIFE

By A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS WOMAN

Illustrated by W. C. NIMS

I AM forty-five years old to-day—though I look ten years younger. Fifteen years ago, I divorced my husband. In the world of my associates and friends, I am considered a successful woman. And success, as the world measures it, is written with the dollar sign before it. If I desired, I might retire now and live comfortably on the savings of these fifteen years. Briefly, I am foreign buyer for one of the largest department stores in one of our largest American cities, and my salary is six thousand dollars a year—six thousand dollars a year and expenses, which sum total would make almost any one think me a success.

As one grows older, birthdays, which mean so little in the light of anniversaries, suddenly take on an odd and portentous significance. At least, it has seemed so to me of late years. I look back—and each year with a clearer vision, so that the bold outlines of truth are gradually becoming revealed to me. Like scenes from a magic-lantern's slide, I see myself, and, frankly, I do not like the pictures. For having so completely overlooked the vital values of life, I now stand on the threshold of old age with an empty heart, not caring a whit that my purse is bulging. And if I could go back to the days when Jack and I took up our life together—

But, there! I do not mean this to be a lamentation, but a revelation of facts.

I took up the battle of life, which in my case was a battle for subsistence, the day after my mother died. She had been a school-teacher, and, in those days of school-teaching, the monthly checks were most infinitesimally small. I had two years of high school which I considered an asset, but when applying for a position to work on books in a department store office, I learned that, as salesgirl, I could command two dollars a week more than the more dignified position paid. Naturally, I chose the more remunerative position.

So I entered the business world. At the end of five years, I was made head of stock of the department in which I worked. The year after, I met Jack. He was a big event in my life. The man you marry always is. I loved him dearly—but not with eyes that were blind to his deficiencies. I was ambitious; Jack, happy in each day. It did distress him that I was earning twenty dollars a week, while he earned but eighteen; but, as he argued, other men in his office were married and lived. And so, about a year later, we, also, were married.

I WAS twenty-five at this time, and Jack thirty—old enough to have tackled every problem of life and borne the banner of love through the fray triumphantly. But I did not take naturally to housework. Only persistent effort and an inherent taste for cleanliness kept me going

on my weekly rounds. And Jack's complacency was a constant irritation. He was content with everything—me, a dinner overdone, a breakfast too late to sit down to, the ugly rooms his income, perforce, made us live in. There was only one thing that, as the months went by, marred the surface of his days. We had no child.

How could we! It was bad enough for two to live on less than I had lived on alone; the idea of three trying it was preposterous. I always argued it out heatedly, if you can call

it argument when the talk is all on one side of a subject. "Don't excite yourself, Honey," he would say. "We will come to it some day. I think you're wrong, because, by the time it would be an expense, I'd be getting more. But if you say 'no,' no it is."

And "no," it continued to be. He never seemed to get more salary. Sober, steady, industrious, he remained in the



HALF A YEAR LATER, JACK'S LAWYER CAME TO ME, ASKING ME TO DIVORCE HIM—JACK WANTED TO MARRY AGAIN

same rut month after month and year after year. By the end of the third year, everything in my trousseau had been made over; that is, everything that bore the making over. Jack, too, was seedy. And our underwear—well, it was patched beyond recognition.

But double harness has its peculiarities. Jack and I trudged along, getting a certain measure of happiness out of life. A child would have given us just that realization—I see it all now!—that we were getting something more than a bare living from life. Children are God's mercies, a recompense. (And I haven't any!)

It was at the end of the third year, when the man who occupied the desk next to Jack was promoted, that I suddenly grew rampant. This had happened before, but, in some unaccountable way, I could not restrain myself this time. The overflow of years of waiting for the tide to turn caught me in a whirlpool, and I deluged him with its torrent. What I said, no man could have listened to and forgotten.

THE outcome of all this was my determined announcement that I would immediately try to get a position such as I had held before. And Jack did not stop me. Why? Deep in my nature lies a substratum of rock against which he had battered his kindliness more than once; recognizing that he was beating himself against that again, he simply withdrew into himself and left me to myself.

I found the position. A good head of stock is frequently in demand. And that evening, I awaited Jack, so brimful of delight with my achievement that I forgot our differences. Everything was going to be different! Now, we would live! Some one could come in once a week and do our cleaning. We would go to theaters and little dinners together. But, first of all, we would get out of the rooms we were in. Thirty-eight dollars a week meant affluence.

Jack said little. While I cleared away the dishes, he went out. And when he returned, for the first time in all our married life, he fumbled for the keyhole in trying to get in.

In the morning, amid the bustle attendant upon both of us getting off to work, little was said by either. But, as I was the first one to leave (and, being victor, the feeling that one could afford to humor the loser coursed through me), I rushed over to his side of the table to give him a goodbye kiss. To my intense surprise, he put out a hand and held me off.

"No!" he said sternly. "As I feel toward you now, I couldn't."

I laughed—a laugh of anger, not of mirth.

"Very well," I retorted. "It's you who will have to do the making up now," and I flung out of our apartment.

Like the proverbial worm, he had turned. And I—well, I had never been one to build the bridges across our misunderstandings.

After that, things happened fast. The tragedies of married life assemble themselves, and come like some vast procession to our undoing. It is hardly necessary to go into the many misunderstandings, quarrels, and disputes, that killed all love and kindled hatred in its place. We never even searched for other rooms; we had no time. Three months after I had begun to work, Jack and I had one thunderous quarrel, and I left the house never to return.

That was the end. Half a year later, Jack's lawyer came to me, asking me to divorce him—Jack wanted to marry again.

Now, naturally, one would wonder if we had ever loved each other. I'm sure that we had. But love isn't the ever-blooming, never-ending flower books and stories say it is. It is only an ethereal thing, and ephemeral. It requires careful tending and guarding to keep it from dying.

Well, the divorce went through. I was just thirty at the time, and I remember that my first thought was: "Now, I am free again. Now, I have another chance at life, and I am still young enough to appreciate that."

Still, my freedom did not mean to me what I thought it would. It was not freedom, at all, for I could not lose the consciousness of being married. I haven't lost it, to this day. And never, in all the years, have I felt at liberty to do as I did before Jack came into my life.

But, in the beginning, I used often to console myself, thinking that, after he married, my viewpoint would change. With that end in view, I waited. When it occurred, strong-minded, capable woman that I am, I wept as I never want to weep again—something had gone from life, and I could not get it back. Did I still love Jack? I won't answer that question; I don't know the answer. But we two were one, and I do not think God meant any variation from that rule.

Of course, this that I went through was not a permanent emotion. You cannot live in the depths. I came out of them, I truly believe, cleansed in some way. I became more human, less self-centered. And the world moved on. In a year's time, I was made assistant buyer. Another year, and the buyer's death put me in her place. I was young for the position, but all that I had gone through had miraculously matured me; and I was always level-headed where business was concerned.

And that is my life, now—Business! Business, Business, Business—capitalized. I am a successful woman. Twice a year, until the present war, I have crossed the ocean for the purpose of bringing to our country all the little fripperies the foreign manufacturers are so adept at putting out. There I meet important business men, the heads of big firms, who honor my business acumen and the way I bargain. Here, the men in charge of our store laud me for my discriminating purchases and the ability to keep my departments from gathering a dead stock. In fine, I am a successful business woman. But am I content? How could I be—being a woman? With men, business may be all; but no woman can live and be content when the heart is hungry and the arms empty.

If one could but go back in life and remedy the mistakes made. But one cannot. Every turn one takes becomes an irrevocable past. Yet, if I could—

I read a poem somewhere, once—I do not remember where—but part of it always persists in running through my mind:

I wish that there were some beautiful place called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes, and all our heartaches, and all our poor, foolish pain
Might be dropped like a shabby old cloak at the door, and never put on again.

How often I have wished that! I would then have fought side by side with Jack for the great cause, Home. I would have brought little children into the world and taught them the greatness of being true and good. And I would then have been what God intended every woman to be: a good mother and a true wife.

INSTEAD, in all these essentials I have failed. And where is the good in knowing, now, when it is too late, that baby hands would have made the humdrum days worth while, that baby smiles and baby eyes would have transmuted cheerless prospects into a radiant seeming—even made patched clothes bearable and poverty endurable?

I suppose many will think that desiring children as ardently as I did in the after years, I should have married again. To that, I have but this reply: I had one chance at the pure gold and did not appreciate it, and I have never for one moment endured the thought that I could be to another man what I had been to Jack—his wife.

One man, the pleasantest friend I have, and who has known me forever and a day, says I am the most married woman he has ever met. He shrugs his shoulders and laughs at me. He says some day he will grow tired of standing on the pier waving his hat to me when I start for Paris and Berlin, and marry a woman who won't let him do it any more. He holds up the terrors of a lonely old age to me in the same whimsical way. And when he

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DIRECTIONS.—Paste inside brace to back of front view of Alice's legs. Glue front and back together—first, back view of Alice's skirt, then head and waist, leaving apron-strings free. Paste standard to old post-card. Slip flaps A and B into slits a and b on standard and paste to underside. Fold carefully together front and back of the Flamingo's legs and head, along indicated dotted lines, before attempting to cut out these parts. Cut around and between the legs, then slip through body. Slip point E through slit c—d. A touch of paste at top of body will finish the Flamingo and still leave back and legs free to turn. Alice can now tuck her Flamingo under her arm and hold it quite comfortably, by letting its tail slip under her apron-string.

ALICE AND HER FLAMINGO
AN ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND CUT-OUT
Designed by RAY DUMONT

SPENDING \$350,000,000 AT HOME

By KATHERINE VAN DORN

FIVE years ago, some one estimated that the Americans traveling in Europe spent, in that one year, three hundred and fifty millions of dollars. In 1915 and 1916, they spent practically nothing in Europe, because they preferred to stay at home. What became of the three hundred and fifty millions? Did it stay in the banks, or in the old stockings hidden in the backs of bureau-drawers, while the people who would have spent it on ocean liners and in the Alps, in Paris and London, remained at home and sighed for the war to be over? Maybe, and again, maybe not. We have a few significant figures on this side of the water.

In 1914, the number of visitors to all of our national parks numbered about 85,000. In 1915, it increased to nearly 200,000. Estimating that each person traveling spent about five hundred dollars, one hundred of that three hundred and fifty millions was spent here at home, in seeing the national parks of America, instead of in roaming over Europe.

We have fourteen of these little-known national parks, federal property, cared for by Uncle Sam at a cost of some five hundred thousand dollars a year, for our benefit. In addition to the national parks, we have some thirty national monuments, which are not statues of departed heroes, as I thought until a little while ago, but also parks—the chief difference between a park and a monument being that the monument is reserved by the government for the future use of the people and is not yet fitted up with a sufficient number of roads and hotels to be convenient enough to be called a park.

Hot Springs in Arkansas, the Yellowstone in Wyoming, Yosemite in California, Sequoia in California, General Grant in California, Mount Rainier in Washington, Crater Lake in Oregon, Mesa Verde in Colorado, Platt in Oklahoma, Glacier in Montana, Rocky Mountain in Colorado, Sully's Hill in North Dakota, Wind Cave in South Dakota, Case Grande Ruin in Arizona—all over the country they are, these wonderful playgrounds of ours, big enough to accommodate even our one hundred millions of people.



SUNSET IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

The best known of the monuments are the Grand Canyon of Colorado, the petrified forest in Arizona, the Muir Woods, Washington, Mt. Olympus, Washington, and Lassen Peak, California.

THE Yosemite National Park has great snow-topped mountains and, in addition to its celebrated Yosemite Valley and lofty waterfalls, a river called the Tuolumne which spouts wheels of water fifty feet and more into the air.

The Sequoia National Park is famous for its sequoia trees, of which there are more than a million in all and twelve thousand that are more than ten feet in diameter. Some of them are thirty-six feet through from side to side, and are older than human history.

The Glacier National Park is noted for its Alpine scenery. It has cliffs several thousand feet high and more than sixty glaciers that feed hundreds of lakes, one of which floats icebergs all summer. This park was made by a prehistoric cracking of the earth, with the result that one side was thrust up so that it overlapped the other.

The Yellowstone National Park, besides its famous wild animal reserve, has its canyons and its geysers and hot springs.

Mount Rainier is an extinct volcano, and twenty-eight glaciers, or rivers of ice, flow down its side until



LEAVING ONE OF THE ATTRACTIVE INNS THE GOVERNMENT PROVIDES FOR TOURISTS

they turn into turbulent streams, and water, at its base, a sub-Alpine garden two miles wide, a carpet of bloom.

Crater Lake is a



SHORE LINE OF CRATER LAKE

lake of an "unbelievable" blue shade, formed by the filling of the hole when the top of Mount Mazama, another volcano, was swallowed up in the long ago.

The Rocky Mountain National Park has wonderful glaciers and snow-capped mountains.

The Mesa Verde National Park hides in its barren canyons the well-preserved ruins of a forgotten civilization.

If you are suffering from aches and pains and rheumatic twinges, Hot Springs, the very oldest of the national parks, is the place for you. It was taken over by the Federal Government in 1832, and a million dollars have since been spent on it to make the nine hundred acres, which comprise the reservation, a beautiful spot. Other people have followed the Government's example; and the city of Hot Springs, which has grown up about the reservation, is a prosperous, attractive place, where one can spend an enjoyable time in the best of hotels or boarding houses, talking over one's progress with the other invalids in the process of cure. The Government declines to guarantee the cure, it is true, but it maintains an army and navy hospital there, at which the waters are used daily.

THE Grand Canyon in Arizona provides sensations the exact opposite of those excited by the Hot Springs. "The most sublime of earthly spectacles," said Charles Dudley Warner, speaking of that mile-deep valley, with its deep, fretted sides wrought into fantastic shapes by the turbulent river fighting its way deeper and still deeper into the earth. By the sunset light, the rocks, walls, and sky flame one riot of color, from softest violet through yellow and orange and red. Traveling through it is done on mules along a trail, hardly visible, hanging between a sheer wall of rock and an equally sheer precipice, although there is now a road, wide enough to admit of coach travel, which is used by tourists fonder of the safety of their bones



"CATHEDRAL SPIRES" IN YOSEMITE PARK, 1,000 FEET HIGH INDEPENDENT OF CLIFF

in California is fashioned on the same scale as the Grand Canyon. Six miles there are of this wonderful place—six square miles, shut in by sheer walls rising to the height of five thousand feet, broken in a thousand places by waterfalls, crystal clear or shimmering with mist. Yosemite Falls, the highest, is nine times higher than Niagara. On the floor of the valley made by the Merced River, which cuts through the Yosemite, bloom myriads of flowers, among which groves of pine, silver fir, red cedar, and tamarack lift their tall trunks. Within easy distance of Yosemite, too, are three groves of sequoias, the celebrated big trees of California.

SEE them at the Yosemite, or at the Sequoia National Park, or at General Grant National Park, as you will, the big trees will always be a wonder and a mystery. Before man was, they were; and how long they shall endure, no one can guess. The greatest among them rise to a height of nearly three hundred feet and the huge trunks, about thirty feet in diameter, would house a

family. In several places, in the park, wagon-roads run straight through archways in the great trees, still alive and growing above them. Someone who counted the growth rings upon a fallen trunk, pronounced it four thousand years old when it fell, and perhaps for centuries more it had laid there, because the wood is practically indestructible, except by fire.

Both the Yosemite and the Sequoia parks have camps which tourists often prefer to hotels. In camp, one sleeps in a tent, and eats in a dining-tent, at a much lower rate than that of the usual hotel.

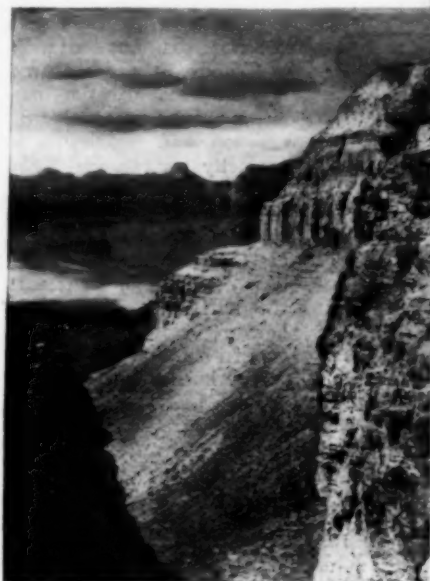
The Mesa Verde is in the list of parks, but "park" is not an altogether suitable name for its fifty thousand acres, since in it stress is not laid on land, or scenery, or even trees, but on the spell of a lost and forgotten civilization. On

the huge plateau, under the overhanging cliffs, are a mass of dwellings, palaces of stone, deserted, falling to ruin. This is the site of the most recently discovered prehistoric dwellings. No one knew of them before 1888, when two herdsmen, wandering in search of lost cattle, came upon them. The first ruin discovered is, to-day, known as Cliff Palace, but is in reality the home of a whole village.

It has in it two hundred rooms for ordinary purposes and twenty-two kivas, sacred rooms for worship; while Spruce Tree House, a smaller village, has one hundred and fourteen rooms and eight kivas.

Studying these rooms, one may find those used as mill-rooms, in which the corn was ground, those used for

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THE HERMIT TRAIL, GRAND CANYON



ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT GLACIERS OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

than of the thrills which normally go with precipice scaling.

The Yosemite Valley

FRESHENING THE SUMMER HAT

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY—NUMBER XLIII

By EVELYN TOBEY, Director of the Millinery Department of Columbia University

HERE we are in the middle of summer with hats dusty and bent out of shape. The best lesson, at this time, then, is the one that will help us freshen up our hats. Perhaps this renovation can be done

by putting two hats together to make one, that will hold over for a month or so. If (Fig. 1) you have worn your large hat flat all summer, you can make it look entirely different by turning the brim back at the right of the front. You can cover the top side of the brim with Georgette crepe or with silk or satin. Then, to change the old crown, cover it with bright blossoms, geraniums or violets.

If the crown of your small hat seems low, at this time, when the crowns are growing high, make a new, up-to-date crown and trim it with the three wheels of ribbon that are so popular. To make this new crown (Fig. 2), make a pattern, lay it on buckram, cut, wire, and cover. For the pattern, cut a strip of paper, five inches wide and twenty-five inches long. Mark one of the long edges "top" and the other "bottom." Fold the strip to make it twelve and a half inches long, fold it again to make it six and one-quarter inches long, and fold it again to make it three and one-eighth inches long. Each time, you see, you have folded it in half. Open the paper, and you will see seven lines creased across it. These lines are equal distances apart. From the top edge, on each folded line, cut to within one-quarter inch of the bottom edge. At the top edge, lap the edge of one side of the slash one-quarter of an inch and pin. Lap each slash in this way and pin.

When you have finished, the top edge will be one and three-quarter inches shorter than it was, and one and three-quarter inches shorter than the bottom edge is. Now, cut one-quarter of an inch from the top edge of one end of the pattern, and slant the line, as you cut, so that you will take off nothing at the bottom edge. The top edge will measure two inches shorter than the bottom edge. Lay this pattern, with its slashes and pins, on a fresh piece of paper (newspaper

will do) and cut out, following the outline of the first pattern.

Lay this second, perfected pattern on a piece of buckram and, with a pencil, draw all around it. Cut on the line you have drawn, except on one end where you must

allow one-half an inch for a seam. Pin the seam, and fit this band on your brim, lap it so that it will exactly fit the head size of the brim, then sew the seam with a firm stitch. Make the lines at the top and at the bottom of this side crown true curved lines, then sew frame-wire around both edges. Remember, you should lap the ends of frame-wire at least two inches, and sew with a tight buttonhole-stitch.

After the wire has been sewed on, bend the band to make it oval at the top and bottom, for you know they do not wear round crowns any more. After you have shaped the side crown, lay a piece of crinoline or of cambric over the top of the frame (the top is the edge which measures twenty-three inches). Do not fit it too tight, and sew it to the frame just below the top edge. In the same way, fit a piece of satin, silk, velvet, or other material, of which you are making your crown, and sew it. Trim the edge of the crinoline and the cover so that they will lay over the side crown of the frame not more than one-half inch.

To cover the side crown, lay a piece of the material around it so that at the top and bottom it is perfectly smooth and tight. Fold for a seam on the back line, and slip-stitch the seam. Trim the material at the top and bottom, leaving only one-half an inch; turn the half-inch edge, at the bottom, over the edge of the frame and against the

inside of it, and catch it to the inside of the frame. Then, with your scissors, turn the half-inch allowance, at the top, under the side-crown cover, and slip-stitch it.

The wheels of ribbon (Fig. 2) are made of ribbon about five and one-half inches wide, each one requiring thirty inches of ribbon. From one selvage, measure one inch, and with strong thread, make a line of gathering-stitches. Then, one-quarter of an inch from this line, make a second line of gathering-stitches. Draw



FIG. 1—LARGE, FLAT HAT IN NEW GUISE



FIG. 2—RAISED CROWN WITH RIBBON WHEELS



FIG. 4—BRIM EXTENDED WITH HORSEHAIR, BRAID, OR MALINE

FIG. 5—SMALL HAT WITH TOP CROWN OF FLOWERS

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PARIS FAVORS TUSSAH AND ALPACA

ONE-PIECE FROCKS ON PRINCESS LINES POPULAR

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

MA CHÈRIE:— Many of the smart set did not leave Paris at all this winter, for their usual sojourn at Monte Carlo, and it is probable that many of them will remain in town most of the summer. Already, social activities, with charitable intent, have been started, which will continue well into the season. Perhaps the most successful of these charities are the bridge teas at the Ritz, started for the benefit of the wounded French prisoners in Germany. The first of these teas was especially brilliant—so brilliant, my dear, that it has since been difficult to secure tables. Practically all of the American colony were present, and among the most noticeable of your charming countrywomen were the Comtesse Frances de Casteja, and Mrs. Ridgely Carter. Of course, the women were, all of them, simply dressed, dark, tailored suits being the rule; navy blue, tan, and olive green were the colors most generally favored.

The season's small hats are delightfully demure, when properly worn; many of them are trimmed high in the back, mostly with ribbon. The large hats are scarcely trimmed at all; a band of gros grain ribbon around the crown, a pleated rosette at the back, or a large buckle in front is usually the extent of the trimming. The large sailor of black, glossy braid with a thin, cobwebby lace veil of black or white is much in evidence. These lace veils are among the dominant features of the season's millinery. A little earlier in the season a new veil called the "Nun's Coiffe" was launched and it has become more or less popular. It is a curious affair, made of plain Brussels net with lace edge, or of all-over appliqué lace. It measures about a yard and a half in length and a half a yard in width and when arranged on the hat is attached to the back of the crown with the upper front edge pulled down over the brim under the chin. The lower loose edge hangs free to the waist when the veil is not drawn over the face. When the veil is down over the face, the lower edge is brought up over the crown and fastened at the back. This is one of those chic, ingenious arrangements so dear to the heart of the *Parisienne*. It is most becoming and when worn at afternoon tea does not disturb the arrangement of either the hat or the hair. Moreover, there is none of the awkwardness of the tight veil. I am sure this veil should appeal to you fortunate Americans for automobile wear, as it is practical for this purpose.

Summer *tailleurs* now being worn in Paris are mostly of tussah, or of alpaca. It is most unusual, the favor that is being shown alpaca this season. Lanvin shows several very smart suits of black alpaca stitched in white. Cheruit



SIMPLE, BEIGE-COLORED COAT, LINED WITH BLUE FAÏLLE. JENNY FROCK OF WHITE CRÉPON WITH SILVER BRAID

has a most charming afternoon gown made with pleated skirt and Russian blouse. It has a fascinating tucker front of white chiffon, extending from neck to lower edge of the basque, and is belted with one of the new beaded girdles, two inches wide. Beads, by the way, are very modish trimmings; no costume seems complete without a touch of bead trimming at collar, belt, or hem.

WE are seeing many simple princess frocks just now, and it is said that princess lines will be strong for fall; but why look ahead when summer has but just begun? Callot, Lanvin, and Jenny, have all sent forth dresses along these lines, simple little models of taffeta or alpaca, buttoning straight down the front; and they are tremendously popular. These offer charming suggestions for linen, too.

One of Lanvin's princess frocks, the "Abbé Mourot," is quite the most fascinating model of the season; it will, without a doubt, take America by storm; so, *chérie*, if you wish to be very *chic*, make yourself one.

Votre dévouée,

Christine D.

Paris, France.

CLOTHES FOR THE VACATION GIRL

STRIPED LINENS AND PONGEES USED FOR SUITS AND BLOUSES

By THE FASHION EDITOR

VACATION clothes were never so practical as they are this summer. They are not merely smart and picturesque, but are designed for comfort and durability. While there are any number of strictly tailored sports skirts and shirts, intended for the more active sports, golf, tennis, boating, etc., still, there is less of masculine severity about sports clothes than for many a season. For country wear, dainty blouses of voile, the colored organdies, crêpes and the soft wash silks, made with open throat, finished with a rolling collar, or in some dainty fashion, which is comfortable and becoming, are worn with skirts of linen, the corded cottons, cotton velours, corduroys, etc., wash satins, or tweeds. Many of these blouses are cut on the slip-on, buttonless, lines and are finished with short or long peplums, to be worn outside of the skirt. The skirts are comfortably and smartly short, pleated, gathered, or severely gored, as fancied.

Among the most practical and dainty of the country suits, being shown in the shops just now for the vacation girl, are the plain and striped linen or canvas models, combining striped skirt with plain coat, having pocket flaps, collar and cuffs of the stripes, or vice versa, striped coat and plain skirt and trimmings. The ground of most of these suits is the plain natural linen or crash color; the stripes range from soft rose color, which is much favored, through emerald green, vivid purple, orange, black and the various other bright tones. Most of these suits are cut on the Norfolk or Russian blouse lines, being belted in loosely at the normal waist. There is a practical and convenient number of pockets on both coat and skirt. A plain shirtwaist of wash satin, crêpe de Chine, handkerchief linen, voile, or pongee, completes this suit, which may be appropriately worn for almost any summer occasion.

Cretonne, for frocks and dresses, has more or less died out, —although one sees a touch of it now and then on a plain linen frock, for trimming. An exceptionally smart suit of natural linen, with collar, cuffs, and pocket

flaps of bright cretonne, was recently displayed in a large Fifth Avenue shop. A pair of canvas shoes, in the same tone as the linen of the suit and rather elaborately trimmed with toe caps, heel por-

THE FAD FOR COMBINING PLAIN AND STRIPED MATERIALS EFFECTIVELY CARRIED OUT IN ONE OF THE NEW PARASOLS



tions, eyelet strips, etc., of the cretonne, completed the costume very effectively.

Another quaint, attractive fashion, taken from the upholstery department, is the use of the striped linen homespun, which is generally used for the decoration of summer cottages, for these sport suits, skirts and blouses. The effect is much the same as the striped linens but the material is a bit heavier and the weave a trifle coarser, although the colors are not a bit more decided. The striped pongees and tussahs carry out the same idea also, in suits for country club and beach wear.

SPORTS hats are especially appealing, and many of them are perfectly appropriate for the dark tailored suit for city wear. The dark blue, purple, green, and twine-colored Wenchows, grass-straws, hems, etc., trimmed with a simple band of contrasting wool, gros-grain ribbon, or a cockade of feathers, ribbon, or straw are equally as smart

with the simple dark blue serge suit, or the dark taffeta frock, as they are with the plain, checked, or striped sports suit.

Many of the striped suits are completed by a hat of the same stripe.

Parasols and accessories, handbags, gloves, collars, fans, etc., are dainty.



QUAINT GARDEN SET OF SMOCK, HAT, AND PAN



HIGH AND LOW SPORTS SHOES OF CANVAS AND BUCKSKIN—CRETONNE TRIMMED SHOES A NOVELTY



7145-7295



7277-7305



7303
7301

Goodrich

COOL SUGGESTIONS IN ORGANDY AND LINEN

For other views and descriptions, see page 32

TAFFETA COSTUME WITH PEPLUM BODICE

Descriptions for page 31

NO. 7145, LADIES' WAIST WITH UNDERBODY. PATTERN MAY BE HAD IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard same width contrasting. Pattern offers two styles of vest.

NO. 7295, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 22 TO 32 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material. Skirt, 3 yards wide.

COSTUME NOS. 7145-7295, medium size, 38-inch skirt length, requires 4 yards 36-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and vest, and 1 yard 9-inch for girdle.

NO. 7277, LADIES' TWO-PIECE WAIST. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 22-inch contrasting.

NO. 7305, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 22 TO 32 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material. Skirt, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide. Pattern also provides for 39-inch length, and for a deep tunic over one-piece foundation, lengthened by circular lower section.

COSTUME NOS. 7277-7305, medium size, 38-inch skirt length, requires 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 22-inch contrasting for collar and facing.

NO. 7303, LADIES' WAIST IN TWO STYLES. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting.

NO. 7301, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT WITH YOKE. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 22 TO 36 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material. Skirt is $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide. Pattern provides also for 42-inch length.

COSTUME NOS. 7303-7301, medium size, 38-inch skirt length, requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting.



7273

7299

NO. 7289, LADIES' DRESS. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, in 38-inch skirt length, requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material for dress and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 30-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. Dress is $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide. Skirt is four-gored and may be made in 42-inch length. This is a smart model for street wear, developed in satin, taffeta, a fine serge, or linen. Vest and cuffs of white are effective.



7303



7038

7127

7141

7289

7145-7295

7277-7305

7301

Descriptions for page 33

NO. 7141, LADIES' DRESS. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents). Size 36, in 38-inch skirt length, requires 3 yards 40-inch plain material, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch flouncing, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18-inch allover for collar and cuffs. Dress, 3 yards wide. Blouse may also be made to slip on over the head. There is a two-piece foundation skirt, lengthened by a straight gathered flounce. A novel use of flouncing is shown in this illustration.

NO. 7273, LADIES' COAT, IN 38- OR 34-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, in 38-inch length, requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch material, with $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch lining. Serge, alpaca, or any suiting may be used for this model.

NO. 7127, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 22 TO 36 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material. Skirt, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide. Skirt may be made with yoke belt if desired. This design would make an attractive sport skirt, in one of the washable sport fabrics.

COSTUME NOS. 7273-7127, medium size, in 38-inch skirt length, requires 6 yards 54-inch material, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch for collar and cuffs.

NO. 7299, LADIES' COATEE OR OVER-BOUSE. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made of two materials, requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern also provides for adjustable collar. This attractive blouse, developed in voile or crêpe de Chine, is excellent for wear with separate skirts.

NO. 7038, LADIES' TWO-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, in 38-inch length, requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 45-inch material. Skirt, 3 yards wide. The new striped linens and silks are suitable.

COSTUME NOS. 7299-7038, in medium size, with 38-inch skirt length, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 45-inch material for dress, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting.

7289



TWO CHIC MID-SUMMER FROCKS AND A SUIT

For other views and descriptions, see page 32

A COSTUME FOR SPORTS AND ONE FOR MORNING

NO. 7287, LADIES' AND MISSES' SPORTS SHIRT, PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 32 OR 34; MEDIUM, 36 OR 38; LARGE, 40 OR 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 27½ yards 36-inch material. This shirt may be made with or without yoke as preferred.

No. 7293, LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT WITH POCKET GORES IN TWO SECTIONS. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 22- TO 36-INCH WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, in 38-inch length, requires 3½ yards 44-inch material. Skirt is 3¾ yards wide and pattern provides for 42- or 38-inch length.

Descriptions for page 35

No. 7296, MISSES' DRESS WITH GUIMPE. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16, made in shorter skirt length, requires 5¼ yards 30-inch material, with ½ yard 45-inch for sleeves and ¾ yards insertion. Dress is 3¾ yards wide. The skirt is a four-gored model with pocket gores in two sections; it may be gathered or cartridge pleated. Pattern provides for longer length. A smart design for serge.

No. 7298, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16, made in longer skirt length, requires 4½ yards 40-inch taffeta, ½ yard same width chiffon for sleeves, and ½ yard 36-inch allover. Dress is 3½ yards wide. Skirt is a three-gored model and may also be made in shorter length. Fashioned of one of the dainty cottons, voiles, organdies, crêpes, or similar materials, this would make a dainty summer afternoon dress. A printed silk or soft satin would be suitable for fall.



7287-7293

7279-7283

No. 7279, LADIES' WAIST, PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 1½ yards 40-inch material, with 1 yard 32-inch contrasting for trimming bands. This waist may be made without bands if preferred.

No. 7283, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 22 TO 36 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 42-inch length, requires 3½ yards 54-inch material. Skirt is 3¾ yards wide. This is an excellent model for sports wear, developed in any of the new fabrics for that purpose. It may be opened center-front or back, as preferred.

Descriptions for page 35

No. 7285, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 27½ yards 30-inch material with 1½ yards same width contrasting for band collar, vest and cuffs. The unique collar is a particularly attractive feature of this model. Voiles and lawns are charming for this waist.

No. 7291, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT WITH GIRDLE YOKE. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires 3 yards 36-inch material, with ⅝ yard same width contrasting. Skirt, 3¾ yards wide. Skirt may be pleated or gathered, and pattern provides also for 42-inch length.

COSTUME NOS. 7285-7291, medium size, in 38-inch skirt length, requires 47½ yards 36-inch striped material, with 1½ yards same width plain for yoke. This model is fashioned of one of the new striped taffetas, trimmed with plain, a favored combination this season.



7287-7293

7279-7283

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7285-7291



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7285-7291

McCALL PATTERNS

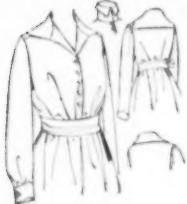
COOL FROCKS FOR DUTY IN THE SUMMER WARDROBE

For other views and descriptions, see page 34

McCALL PATTERNS



7073 6831



7073



6831



7075



7075



7057



7057



7087

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ronto, Canada.



7087

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 38



7317-7269



7023-7249



7311



7317



7269

7315
Transfer Design No. 453

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or may be ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to the McCall Company, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York City; 418-424 So. Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 34-40 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.; 82 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.



7311



7315



7023-7249

For description of models illustrated, see page 38

SHEER LINENS AND COTTONS FOR BLOUSES

Descriptions for page 36

NO. 7073, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Waist may be made with or without shoulder yoke and with choice of two styles of sleeve.

NO. 6831, LADIES' JUMPER DRESS WITH FOUR-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 32 TO 40 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, instep length, requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material. Dress is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide. This dress is to be worn over a waist and may also be made in round length.

NO. 7075, LADIES' DRESS WITH FOUR-GORED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 30-inch material, with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Dress is $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide.

NO. 7087, LADIES' DRESS WITH FOUR-GORED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard same width for sleeves, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards insertion. Dress is $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide.

NO. 7057, LADIES' DRESS WITH ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT, IN 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 45-inch material, with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 18-inch contrasting.

Descriptions for page 37

NO. 7317, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 34 TO 40 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 20-inch silk for band, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch lace for yoke. This model would be attractive for afternoon wear developed in a combination of Georgette and taffeta, satin and crepe, chiffon and taffeta and similar materials.

NO. 7269, LADIES' SKIRT, IN 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 38-inch material with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 30-inch striped for flounce. Skirt is $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards wide. Pattern consists of one-piece straight tunic, pleated or gathered, and a one-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece straight flounce.

COSTUME NOS. 7317-7269, medium size, requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch taffeta, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch striped material, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette for waist and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch lace for yoke. An adaptation of the Premet collar is a feature of this smart frock. The pocket is also interesting.



7243

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NO. 7311, LADIES' DRESS WITH SIX-GORED SKIRT, IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, in 38-inch length, requires 7 yards 30-inch material, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch contrasting for collar. Dress is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide.

NO. 7315, LADIES' DRESS WITH THREE-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 34 TO 40 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, 38-inch length, requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44-inch material, with 2 yards 36-inch contrasting to line cape. Dress is 3 yards wide. Transfer Design No. 453 used for braiding (10 cents).

NO. 7023, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 32 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material, with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards insertion and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch net for vest.

NO. 7249, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Skirt is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. Cartridge pleating or gath-

ering may be used effectively on this model. Pattern provides for 42-inch length.

COSTUME 7023-7249, medium size, in 38-inch skirt length, requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch dotted Swiss with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch net for vest, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards insertion. This design is suited to voile or crepe de Chine.

Descriptions for page 38

NO. 7243, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 20-inch contrasting for collar and cuff facing. Georgette crepe, crepe de Chine and voile are suitable for its development.

NO. 7008, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 30-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 18-inch for collar and vest. The colarette may be used if desired. Wash satin, taffeta, linen, voile and similar materials are suitable for blouses such as this. Vest and collar of organdy or Georgette is dainty and cool. This model may be developed into a smart costume blouse to be worn with the tailored suit.

NO. 7241, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 44-inch striped for fronts, belt and cuffs. Blouse may be made to wear outside or inside of skirt. It is a good design for two materials.



7243



7098



7241



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 40

SUMMER AFTERNOON FROCK OF FOULARD

Descriptions of Designs Shown on Other Pages

Descriptions for page 39

NO. 7137, LADIES' DRESS. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made with 38-inch skirt length, requires 5 yards 36-inch material for dress, 2 yards 40-inch for waist, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 18-inch for collar, $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards 2-inch ribbon for trimming tunic, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 9-inch material for girdle. Dress is $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards wide. This is a charming dress for afternoon wear, developed in taffeta with waist of voile and dainty collar of lace. The printed silks, also, are effective for frocks of this type.

NO. 7308, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards insertion. Linen, batiste and lawn are suitable. A bit of hand-made embroidery would add an effective touch. This model is also excellent for one of the colored lawns, finished with tiny frills of the same material. Transfer Design No. 758 is used for the embroidery (10 cents).

NO. 7271, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, in 38-inch length, requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material. Skirt is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide. Linen, corduroy and tussah silk are suitable for sports wear. It is a desirable model for gabardine, serge, or bedford cord.

NO. 6711, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 32 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material, with 1 yard 30-inch contrasting for collar, vest and cuffs. This waist may be made without vest if one wishes; with the long sleeves it is a particularly desirable blouse for the business girl.

NO. 7220, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 22 TO 32 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, made in 38-inch length, requires 4 yards 36-inch material. Skirt is $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards wide. This design is well suited to the various striped materials, for sports wear or the beach. Linen or cotton homespun is a particularly practical material for these skirts. These homespuns usually come with natural linen ground and the wide, vividly colored stripes, which are now so modish.

NO. 7306, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 32 OR 34; MEDIUM, 36 OR 38; LARGE, 40 OR 42 BUST (15 cents).—Medium size, made in longer length, requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material, with $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch lining. The novelty wool coatings are charming for this model. They are plaided and striped, and one has many to choose from. This model also provides for a smaller collar with gracefully hanging cape and belt, which are becoming to the young girl. These coats are also attractive, fashioned of taffeta or satin for wear over one-piece dresses. There is a light weight wool velour which comes in all the new dark shades, which would be a particularly smart material for a coat like this, lined with one of the new figured foulards so popular just now for linings. These velours come in many rich shades and are very satisfactory.

Description for page 40

NO. 7207, LADIES' DRESS WITH GUIMPE. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, with 1 yard 45-inch contrasting for vest, collar and sleeves. It may also be made without vest if desired. The four-gored skirt is $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards wide, and may be made in 42-inch length if desired. The daintily figured lawns and voiles, so popular this season, are appropriate for this charming design. Organdy or batiste is dainty for vest and collar.

Descriptions for page 41

NO. 7147, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS WITH FIVE-GORED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 38-inch skirt length, requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch striped material, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 27-inch contrasting for belt, collar, vest and cuffs. Skirt is 3 yards wide. This model is neat and trim for wear in the house. Striped or checked linens, percales, gingham and chambrays are suitable materials for its development.

NO. 6687, LADIES' AND MISSES' MIDDY OR DRESS APRON. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 32 OR 34; MEDIUM, 36 OR 38; LARGE, 40 OR 42 BUST (15 cents).—Medium size, made in 32-inch length, requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 30-inch material, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 13-inch for collar and belt. Apron may be made in 39-inch length also. An exceptionally pretty apron may be developed in cretonne.

NO. 7313, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS, WITH FOUR-GORED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in 42-inch skirt length, requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 30-inch contrasting for collar and cuff facing. Skirt is 3 yards wide. This design is developed in linen, daintily bound with a darker shade, which makes an attractive finish. Checked or plaided gingham also, would make an effective dress, with trimmings of white. White cotton crêpe is being used considerably for house dresses. When one stops to consider that white really soils no quicker than pale blue, or the other light colors, there is much to be said in its favor.

NO. 6097, LADIES' ONE-PIECE HOUSE DRESS. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 34 TO 48 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, made in instep length, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material, with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs, belt and pocket lap. Dress is 3 yards wide. There are various washable materials, striped, checked, barred or dotted, in contrasting colors, which are suitable, trimmed with a plain fabric. This dress may be made without yoke, if preferred, and a patent leather belt worn. An extremely effective dress could be developed in plain material with trimmings of cretonne, in some becoming mixture. This combination is favored for dresses of this design for garden frocks. Plain white crêpe with trimming of blue or pink chambray would make a charming garden frock after this model. Gardening is one of the popular amusements this summer.



7297



7297



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 40

JUNIOR MODELS IN PONGEE AND LINEN

Descriptions for page 43



7068

7150-7166

NO. 7068, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material and 1½ yards same width contrasting. Dress is 2¾ yards wide. Pattern provides for two lengths.

NO. 7150, MISSES' AND GIRL'S RUSSIAN BLOUSE OR MIDDY. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 8 TO 20 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 16 requires, of one material, 2½ yards 44 inches wide. Pattern provides for two lengths and front or side closing.

NO. 7166, MISSES' STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16, made in longer length, requires 3½ yards 40-inch material. Skirt, 2¾ yards wide. Serge is suitable for this design, which is excellent for business wear.

COSTUME NOS. 7150-7166, size 16, requires 4½ yards 44-inch material for skirt, collar, cuffs and belt, and 2¾ yards 50-inch for blouse. Serge and pongee would combine effectively.

NO. 7282, MISSES' BUTTONLESS DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16, made with longer length skirt, requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material for skirt, and 2½ yards 40-inch for waist. Dress, 3½ yards wide. The skirt is a 3-piece model and the pattern also provides for shorter length.

NO. 7104, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material, 1½ yards 40-inch allover, and 3 yards 13-inch flouncing. Dress, 2 yards wide if circular flounce is used. A charming costume for evening wear may be developed after this design. Taffeta is suitable, with allover lace or net. Transfer Design No. 744 (10 cents).

NO. 7314, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16, made in the longer length, requires 3¾ yards 40-inch plaid material, and ¾ yard 30-inch plain. Dress, 3½ yards wide. Skirt is a four-gored design, pattern provides for two lengths. Pongee, serge, linen and the heavier wash fabrics are suitable for such a design. A combination of serge and taffeta would be effective.

NO. 7284, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material for waist and tunic, 1½ yards same width for flounce, 2½ yards insertion, and 2½ yards lace edging. Dress, 2½ yards wide. A charming frock may be developed after this model in one of the delicately figured voiles. Pattern provides for straight skirt in full length, or for a tunic with one-piece foundation, lengthened by a straight gathered flounce.

NO. 7304, MISSES' DRESS; SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material, with 1¾ yards 27-inch contrasting for sleeves and collar. Dress, 3½ yards wide. Pattern provides for an underbody and a three-piece skirt perforated for shorter length. Transfer Design No. 723 (10 cents).



7304



7068

7150

7166

7282

7104

7314

7284



VOILE, NET, ORGANDY, AND SERGE IN THE SUMMER WARDROBE

For other views and descriptions, see page 42



COOL, SERVICEABLE DESIGNS IN SUITS AND

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) Agency in your locality or may be ordered by and enclosing the price to the McCall Company, 418-424 South Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 140 Street, Boston, Mass.; 82 North Pryor Street,

NO. 7260, CHILD'S DRESS; TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 6 MONTHS, 1 TO 10 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 30-inch cretonne with 1 yard 22-inch contrasting for pockets and belt. A pretty dress for the little girl may be developed in cretonne after this design. Figured voile, crêpe or any of the novelty wash cottons would also make up well.

NO. 7276, GIRL'S DRESS; PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material for waist, sleeves and belt, 4 yards 11-inch flouncing for skirt, and 1 yard material 3 inches wide for yoke. This dress may be made with straight gathered skirt or with a double skirt on a one-piece yoke foundation. This is a particularly good design for flouncing or embroidered batiste. One of the figured voiles or crêpes would also be pretty.

NO. 7300, CHILD'S ONE- OR TWO-PIECE DRESS WITH GUIMPE. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 MONTHS TO 6 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material. The hand-worked scalloped edge gives a pretty finish for this dainty dress. Transfer Design No. 632 (10 cents).

NO. 7312, BOY'S SUIT WITH KNEE TROUSERS. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; 2 TO 6 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch material, with 1 yard same width contrasting for waist. This suit may be made of linen, serge or alpaca.

NO. 7172, CHILD'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 2 TO 10 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material for dress, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch for guimpe. Skirt may be straight pleated or gathered. Linen is suitable for dress with guimpe of voile.



7260



7276



7300



7312



7172



FROCKS FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern mail by stating the number and size wanted 236-246 West 37th Street, New York City; Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 34-40 Chauncy Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.

No. 7278, CHILD'S DRESS WITH STRAIGHT GATHERED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 2 TO 10 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch material for waist and sleeves, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 19-inch flouncing, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards insertion, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards edging. Dress may be made with or without yoke, as preferred.

No. 7072, GIRL'S DRESS. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 24-inch contrasting. This is a charming design for serge or linen. Collar, cuffs and belt may be of linen or batiste.

No. 7292, CHILD'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 2 TO 10 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for dress, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch for

guimpe. Dress is made to slip on over the head. It would develop nicely in serge or linen.

No. 7136, GIRL'S DRESS WITH THREE-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 45-inch linen with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch allover. Serge and taffeta are practical combinations for school; linen and allover are dainty for summer.

No. 7302, BOY'S SUIT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 8 TO 16 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 10 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, with 3 yards same width lining. Tweed, serge, linen or other washable materials are suitable for this design. For rough summer wear, khaki is practical and cool. Suit may be made with or without yoke and may have pleated or plain back, as desired.



7278



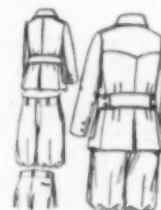
7072



7292



7136



7302



DAYTIME DRESSES AND PARTY FROCKS

Flouncings, Daintily Patterned Voiles and Crepes, Combination of Taffeta and Net, and Plain Serge Used in Their Fashioning

NO. 7294. GIRL'S DRESS; WITH OR WITHOUT GUIMPE; STRAIGHT SKIRT WITH OR WITHOUT STRAIGHT TUNIC (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch material for waist, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 23-inch flouncing for skirt, and 2 yards 13-inch flouncing for tunic. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years.



7294



7146

NO. 7146. GIRL'S DRESS; WITH OR WITHOUT JUMPER; DRESS HAVING STRAIGHT LOWER EDGE (15 cents).—This is a pretty model for net or voile. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch contrasting for trimming band, jumper and yoke. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years.

NO. 7288. GIRL'S DRESS; TWO-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT WITH POCKETS (15 cents).—A daintily figured voile would be suitable for this model. The yoke, puff sleeves, quaint peplum frill and pockets are novel features. Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards lace for neck and sleeves. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years.

NO. 7286. GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE; STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT (15 cents).—This would be an attractive frock, developed in linen. Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 45-inch material with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 30-inch contrasting for center front, collar and cuff facing. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years.



7286



7288

MISCELLANEOUS PATTERN OFFERINGS

No. 7310, LADIES' AND MISSES' CHEMISE OR CORSET COVER. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 32 OR 34; MEDIUM, 36 OR 38; LARGE, 40 OR 42 BUST (10 cents).—Size 36 requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch material for corset cover with $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards lace edging. This model is intended to be slipped on over the head. Transfer Design No. 573 is used for the embroidery on the larger view, No. 607 for the scallops on smaller view. Price of each, 10 cents.



7310
Transfer Design No. 573



7290
Transfer Design No. 448

No. 7307, LADIES' SACK APRON. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch contrasting for collar. Checked linen would be appropriate for this design, as it launders well.

No. 7316, YOUTH'S AND MEN'S DUSTER COAT. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 34 TO 38; MEDIUM, 40 TO 44; LARGE, 46 TO 48 BREAST MEASURE (15 cents).—Medium size requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material. These coats may be made of linen or pongee.

No. 7281, MEN'S OVERALL SUIT. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 38 OR 40; MEDIUM, 42 OR 44; LARGE, 46 OR 48 BREAST MEASURE (15 cents).—Medium size requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material.

No. 7275, MEN'S NIGHTSHIRT IN FULL OR SHORTER LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 36 BREAST OR $14\frac{1}{2}$ NECK MEASURE; 38 OR 15; 40 OR $15\frac{1}{2}$; 42 OR 16; 44 OR $16\frac{1}{2}$; 46 OR 17; AND 48 OR $17\frac{1}{2}$ (15 cents).—Size 42, made in full length, requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch material.

No. 7309, LADIES' DRESSING SACQUE OR NEGLIGEE. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 34 OR 36; MEDIUM, 38 OR 40; LARGE, 42 OR 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material with $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 13-inch flouncing for overdrapery. This sacque may be made in a longer length without overdrapery if preferred.

No. 7203, LADIES' FOUR- OR FIVE-GORED PETTICOAT, 41- OR 37-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 9 SIZES; 22 TO 38 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 16- or 20-inch flouncing, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards beading. Skirt, 3 yards wide. May be made with circular flounce if desired.

No. 7274, GIRL'S KIMONO OR PULLMAN ROBE. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 4 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18-inch for collar. One of the Japanese silks or quaintly figured cottons is suitable.

No. 7290, GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 2 TO 14 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 4 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material, with $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards edging. Transfer Design No. 448 (10 cents) is used for the feather-stitching on small view. Gown may be made with long or short sleeves, with turnover or frill collar as preferred.

No. 7280, GIRL'S COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 2 TO 14 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards insertion and for largest size, 5 yards edging. Transfer Design No. 632 for scallops on small view (10 cents). Pattern suggests both the open and the gathered leg. For general summer wear, white and figured cotton crepe is being used for children's undergarments, as it launders so well.



7280
Transfer Design No. 632



7274



7307



7316



7281



7275



7309-7203

NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK

SIMPLE AND UNIQUE DESIGNS TO FOLLOW

By HELEN THOMAS

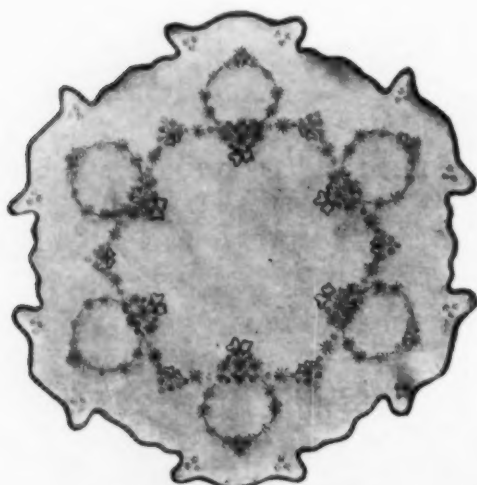


760—TRANSFER DESIGN,
10 CENTS

760—Design for Three Ice-Box Bags. For keeping vegetables fresh. Full embroidery directions given with pattern, which provides for stamping bags for parsley, lettuce, and celery.

757—Basket Motifs for Quilt, Scarf, etc. Embroidered on white squares alternating with pink or blue. Twelve motifs about six inches high are provided with the pattern, which includes full working directions for colors in satin, outline, French knots, and lazy-daisy stitch.

761—Centerpiece Design, 22¾ inches in diameter. Easy to work in French knots, satin, and lazy-daisy stitch. Colors and embroidery directions come with pattern. Matches doily design No. 762.



761—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

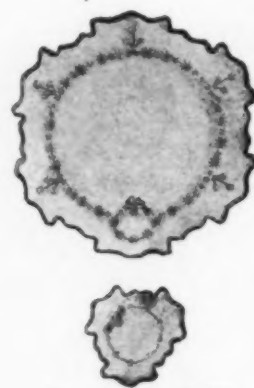


757—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS



759—TRANSFER DESIGN,
10 CENTS

Editor's Note.—Any McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Pattern at McCall pattern agencies, or post-paid from The McCall Company on receipt of 10 cents. Stamped material not supplied. Miss Thomas will answer embroidery questions, if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. McCall's Book of Embroidery gives designs, and lessons on stitches. In U. S., with 1 free transfer pattern, 15 cents; by mail, 25 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.



762—TRANSFER DESIGN
10 CENTS

762—Design for Doilies, 12 and 4¾ inch size. Six of each in pattern, and embroidery directions provided. Matches centerpiece design No. 761. Design for 8-inch doilies to be issued next month.

759—Appliqué design for Pillow, Scarf Ends, or Child's Quilt. Developed in colors, according to full embroidery directions given in the pattern, which includes two designs, 17½ by 9 inches, and provides cutting outline for flowers, leaves, etc.

758—Waist Design. Worked in satin and outline stitch. Four 9-inch sprays and 1¾ yards of scalloped edge included in pattern, with full embroidery directions. Shown on McCall Pattern No. 7279 for Ladies' Waist.



758—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

EFFECTIVE EMBROIDERY DESIGNS

DAINTY WORK FOR VACATION HOURS

By GENEVIEVE STERLING



10566—HANDKERCHIEF CASE

10566—Handkerchief Case. Solid embroidery with center flowers in French knots and edges buttonholed. Size 13 by 8 inches. Design stamped on white handkerchief linen including sufficient white mercerized embroidery cotton, 30 cents; including sufficient white embroidery silk, 45 cents.

10569—Tray Cloth. Worked in eyelet and solid embroidery with edge buttonholed. Design stamped on 12 by 16 inch pure white linen, 20 cents; on 18 by 24 inches, 35 cents; on 22 by 30 inches, 45 cents. Six skeins of white mercerized embroidery cotton, extra, 15 cents; 9 skeins of white embroidery silk, extra, 45 cents. Perforated Pattern, including stamping material, 10 cents.

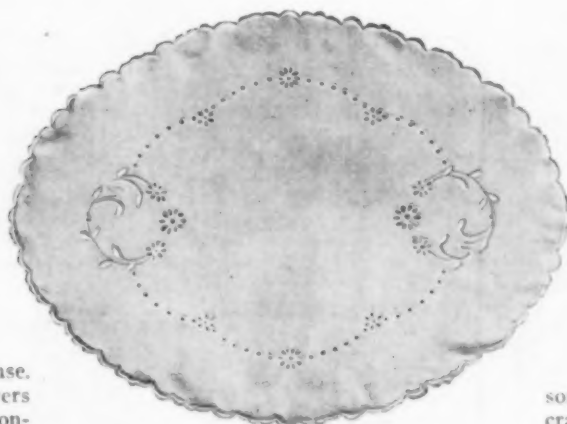
10567—Collar. The lower half of the flowers is to be worked in deep lavender in solid embroidery, the upper half in light lavender, and the leaves and stem in green. Narrow Val lace finishes the edge. The design stamped on fine white lawn including sufficient colored embroidery cotton may be had for 20 cents; design stamped on fine white organdy or linen including colored embroidery cotton, 30 cents. Design stamped on fine white organdy or linen including sufficient colored embroidery silk, 40 cents. Sufficient narrow Val lace edging for the collar, 10 cents. Perforated Pattern, including stamping material, 10 cents.



10567—COLLAR

on fine white lawn, including sufficient embroidery silk, 50 cents. Design stamped on fine white linen including sufficient embroidery cotton, 60 cents; including embroidery silk, 75 cents. Free for three 50-cent subscriptions. Narrow Val lace edging, extra, 25 cents.

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern of any article on this page, including stamping directions and preparation, may be obtained for 10 cents from The McCall Co. Stamped material is also furnished. This, however, is not carried by Agencies. Miss Sterling will answer embroidery questions if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. *New Fancy-Work Book*, with lessons on stitches and illustrated designs, for 2-cent stamp. Postage prepaid on all articles.



10569—TRAY CLOTH



10568—BABY'S BONNET

10570—Pillow Top (See Lesson, page 50.) On Aberdeen crash, 13 by 15 inches, with back and thread, 25 cents.

10568—Baby's Bonnet. Worked in solid embroidery with white floss. French knots in pink, edge buttonholed, bottom finished with lace and beading. Design stamped on fine white lawn or mercerized poplin including sufficient embroidery cotton, 20 cents; same including sufficient embroidery silk, 30 cents. Design stamped on fine white linen or cashmere including sufficient mercerized embroidery cotton, 30 cents; same including mercerized silk, 40 cents. Lace and beading to finish cap, extra, 15 cents. (Ribbon not supplied.)

10571—Fancy Work Apron. Flowers in French knots of lavender; leaves and stem in solid embroidery with green floss. Val lace finishes edge. Design stamped in fine white lawn including sufficient embroidery cotton, 35 cents; stamped



10571—APRON



10570—BALSAM PILLOW TOP



To keep your baby perfectly well this summer

1. Keep the baby cool.
2. Keep him outdoors as much as possible.
3. Give him plenty of boiled water.
4. Consult your doctor at the first sign of illness.
5. Make his food light. You, yourself, don't eat as much heavy meat in summer as in winter. Lighten your baby's diet also.

Don't give him raw cow's milk with its heavy, indigestible curd—and its germs of summer complaint—summer complaint that kills more babies than any other cause in the world.

Nurse your baby, if you can. If you can't, give him the food that's as safe from germs—and as light as mother's milk itself—

Nestlé's Food

Nestlé's is a complete food—not a milk modifier. It can't sour; no germs can touch it. In Nestlé's you get milk from healthy cows, purified, free from germs; the calf needs are modified—the baby needs are added. Reduced to a powder, it comes to you in an air-tight can. No hand has touched it—no germ can reach it. It is a complete food, so you add only water and boil one minute—and you can know that you are giving your baby the food his little body needs.

Don't shock your baby's stomach by changing him from your breast milk to cow's milk. In Nestlé's he will feel no change.

Send the coupon for free sample box of Nestlé's—enough for 12 feedings, and the Specialist's book on the care of babies. Don't delay. Your baby's health depends on the food you give him now.



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231 Broadway, New York

Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

Name.....

Address.....



A CROSS-STITCH VARIATION

SIMPLE LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY—NO. 33

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

OUR lesson this month is a beautiful variation of the cross-stitch, which may be worked in all sorts of charm-

ing color combinations, in soft tones or in sharp contrast schemes. The McCall Pillow, No. 10570, shown on page 49, gives an idea of how effective the stitch is when worked in combination with the outline-stitch. The same method may be used for other patterns when once the progressive steps are mastered. On McCall Pillow No. 10570 the foundation stitches are the same shade as the background material, and the laced stitch, which forms the second step in the lesson, a deeper tone of contrasting brown color effect.

To work the new stitch, start with the lighter shade of brown. Turn your work so that the bars in the design will be running horizontally. Insert your needle at the lower left-hand corner of the first bar you are to work, bringing your point out and inserting it, one quarter of an inch in, on the upper line. Then take a small back-stitch one-eighth of an inch over on the upper line. Again cross over to the lower line and take a similar little back-stitch underneath the material about one-eighth of an inch long. Alternate in this way, keeping your distance between stitches about a quarter of an inch apart on the bottom as well as on the top line.

For the second step, use the deeper shade of brown. Bring your needle out on the lower line just left of the starting point. With the eye of the needle, weave upward under the first slanting stitch, then downward under the second slanting stitch. This forms a straight bar across the top of the light thread. Work to the end of your row in this way, first, by inserting the needle upward under each alternate slanting stitch

and then down under the next slanting stitch. You will find it facilitates your work considerably to use the reverse or eye part of the needle in weaving.

In finishing the bars, it is effective to use the lighter shade of brown and outline both sides of the bars.

The fence part of the design is developed in the cross-stitch and the rest of the design carried out in the outline-stitch, with the exception of the pine needles, which are worked in the straight stitch. The frame and the words may be embroidered with the darker shade if desired and the branch in the lighter shade of brown.

This cross-stitch is one of the simplest of all embroidery devices; but few people realize the possibilities obtained from combining it with other stitches. After you have acquired the knack of working it, you will be eager to apply it to some dainty bit of embroidery work of your own choosing, such as a table-scarf, fancy-work bag, or bed-spread. Conventional designs are most strikingly brought out when strong color contrasts are used, but, on the other hand, if only one color predominates in the library or bedroom, it may be preferable to work the material in all white, all brown, or all blue, according to the color harmony of the room.

Editor's Note.—Pillow Cover No. 10570 may be had stamped and tinted in brown on Aberdeen crash with back of same material and sufficient embroidery thread to work, for 25 cents; with silk, 15 cents extra. Perforated pattern with stamping materials, 10 cents. Questions regarding the Cross-Stitch Embroidery or any of the articles illustrated on page 49, answered by Miss Sterling if stamp is enclosed.



FIG. 1—WORKING THE CROSS-STITCH



FIG. 2—WORKING THE LACED STITCH

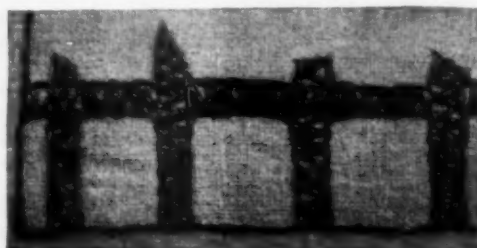


FIG. 3—DETAIL OF PILLOW NO. 10570, SHOWING FINISHED DESIGN WITH CROSS, LACED AND OUTLINE STITCHES

DANCE FROCK OF TAFFETA

LESSON 66—THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MARGARET WHITNEY

AS I am sure that every girl will be interested in a dainty little summer dance frock which may easily be made at home, I have chosen a particularly smart model of taffeta and organdy for our lesson this month. The square yoke, the round neck, the short puff sleeves, and the draped skirt are all new fashion features. The dress may also be made of voile and organdy, a plain and a printed silk, or similar combinations favored this season.

THE PATTERN.—No. 7284, as illustrated, requires for size sixteen, four and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch taffeta, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 45-inch organdy, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of insertion and $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of lace edging. Dress is cut in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Price, fifteen cents.

TO CUT.—Although this is an unusually easy pattern to cut, nevertheless, the cutting directions on the pattern envelope should be followed carefully.

TO MAKE WAIST.—For round neck, cut out neck edge of yoke on line of small single perforations. Baste up shoulder seams of yoke with notches matching, on right side. Gather upper edge of waist between crosses perforated in pattern, and baste to lower edge of yoke with notches matching; three-eighths of an inch is allowed for all seams. Try waist on, closing it carefully up the back, pinning together on line of circle perforations marking the hem. Tie a tape around the normal waist, to get an idea of the arrangement of the fullness, and mark all alterations carefully. When changes have been satisfactorily made, stitch seams. Shoulder seams may be finished with French seam; that is, stitched first on right side, an eighth of an inch above line of basting, the material cut away, close

to the line of stitching, the garment turned on to the wrong side, the seam creased and stitched again, taking up a seam deep enough to cover the first one. A narrow bias strip of the taffeta may be joined with the yoke and the lower portion of the waist when stitching them together. Afterwards, either this may be turned in and hemmed down neatly to cover the

seam, or the edges may be bound with seam binding. As illustrated, hemstitching is used as a finish for neck and yoke. If the portions of the garment to be joined with the hemstitching are basted together, accompanied by accurate directions, and sent to any dressmakers' supply store, in the vicinity, the hemstitching will be neatly and cheaply done. But it is a simple matter to do the hemstitching at home if one wishes. Hemstitched seams, besides being decorative, and trimming in themselves, save considerable work, as no inside finish is necessary on seams which are joined in this way.

Lace or embroidery beading is also effective used for joining seams, especially when the frock is fashioned of voile, organdy, muslin, or other wash material. The machine hemstitching, which may be done at home, requires a rather coarse machine needle and a slightly lengthened stitch. A thickness or two of tissue paper or

a strip of blotting paper is placed between the two edges of the seam before joining it on the machine. Seams must be basted securely so that material or paper will not slip out of place. After seams are stitched, the paper is carefully torn away, seams pressed open and edges felled down.

THE SLEEVES.—Join sleeve bands and press seams open. Join sleeve seams with notches matching, using French fin-

[Concluded on page 52]



Keeping Cool

when hot summer days come, means more than electric fans and ice-water.

Summer comfort is largely a matter of selecting proper food.

Heavy, greasy foods over-tax the digestive system, and work of this kind increases body heat and spells discomfort—no matter how many artificial "coolers" are used.

For a test, suppose you try this common-sense, hot weather breakfast:

Some fruit

Grape-Nuts

and cream

Soft-boiled eggs

Crisp buttered toast

The Grape-Nuts is wonderfully delicious, easy to digest and highly nourishing. The fruit, eggs and toast give variety, and round out a meal that is a splendid start-off for a good, cool day.

There's a way to be well-fed and comfortable in any kind of weather, and—

"There's a Reason"
for

Grape-Nuts

—at Grocers.



NO. 7284—ROUND NECK, SHORT PUFF SLEEVES, DRAPED SKIRT, AND Dainty PETTICOAT. INTERESTING NEW DETAILS



When you go away this Summer be sure that your baby has the right food. Remember that baby's summer problems are chiefly feeding problems. Remember that if your baby has pure, safe, nourishing food—if he is kept cool and comfortable—if he has enough sleep and fresh air—he is likely to be a rosy, happy, contented baby.

Laie Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

has stood the severe test of nearly sixty years. It has been used by thousands of careful mothers ever since your grandmother was a little girl. "Eagle Brand" is made of carefully selected, rich milk, from healthy cows, kept under thoroughly sanitary conditions. It is sealed in air-tight containers—protected from germs, dust and dirt. Easy to prepare and keeps well—even in the hottest weather. A convenient food while you are traveling. "Eagle Brand" gives a delicate, rich flavor to cakes and puddings.

Always ask for

BORDEN'S

when you buy milk or milk products.

Send the Coupon today

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Condensed Milk Co.

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857 NEW YORK



Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
108 Hudson St., New York City

Please send me the booklets checked:

..... "The Important Business of Being a Mother." (This booklet tells how to keep the baby well.)

..... "Baby's Biography." (For the record of his life.)

..... "Borden's Recipes." (How to use Eagle Brand in cooking.)

Name.....

Address.....



DANCE FROCK OF TAFFETA

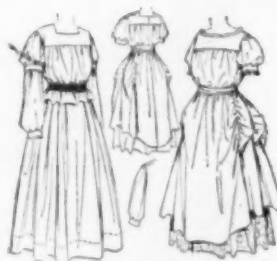
[Continued from page 51]

ish, or bind the edges. Gather lower edge of sleeves, and baste either edge of bands, distributing the fullness carefully, allowing a trifle more of fullness towards the back. Gather tops of sleeves between the cross perforations. Set sleeves into armholes with double notches matching and single notches at shoulder seams. Try garment on, adjust sleeves and stitch them in. These sleeves may be joined in the usual way or with beading or hemstitching. The edges may be bound with seam binding. Sleeve bands are made double, and seamed together. Outside edge is seamed on to lower edge of sleeve, and inside edge hemmed down to cover seam. Finish bands with a narrow frill of Valenciennes edging as illustrated, drawing a thread in the upper edge of the lace, to full it a trifle. Turn back the right side of back on line of circle perforations, turn in free edge and hem down carefully by hand; left side is faced back to line of circle perforations for an underlap. Close waist with patent fasteners or hooks and eyes. Shirr lower edge of waist with two lines of gathers along lines of large circle perforations in pattern, and finish with a stay belt on the under side. If preferred, a strip of material may be stitched to the under side of the waist, with its upper edge on upper line of circles and lower edge on lower line, to form a slot through which an elastic may be run. As this waist is intended to be worn either inside or outside of the skirt, the lower edge, or peplum frill, is finished with a neat narrow hem or cord.

THE SKIRT.—A foundation petticoat with a one-piece upper portion and a straight gathered flounce, is used here under the draped skirt. Upper portion of the foundation may be made of thin muslin, china silk or similar material. Join back seam with notches matching, leaving upper part of the seam open as far down as the notch, to form the placket. A straight strip of material should be stitched in with this seam to prevent its sagging with the weight of the flounce; seam edges may be bound with seam binding. The straight flounce is fashioned of organdy, and trimmed with lace and insertion. The simplest way to set in insertion of this kind is to baste and stitch it on to the flounce, carefully and evenly, at upper and lower edges before cutting away the material beneath. After stitching, the material beneath the insertion is

cut away, leaving about three-eighths of an inch on each side, which is turned in and caught down carefully by hand. Join back of flounce after insertion has been set in, with notches matching, using the French seam. Then finish the lower edge with the lace edging, fulling it slightly, and overcasting it by hand to the lower edge of the last row of insertion. Gather upper edge of flounce between cross perforations. Seam gathered edge of flounce on to lower edge of foundation skirt, with center at center front, back seams and edges even. Bind seam with a bias strip of the material or with seam binding. Finish placket with continuous facing given in a previous lesson, and close with patent fasteners.

DRAPED SKIRT.—Join back seam with notches matching, leaving seam open as far down as notch, for placket. Bind with seam binding. Lower edge of draped skirt may be finished with an applied facing, seamed on around the lower edge, and folded back, while the upper edge is turned in and hemmed down invisibly by hand. It may be finished with a rather thick cord, set in by hand, or with the picot edge. Either of these last two is more effective on taffeta than the hem. The side drapery is brought about by run-



OTHER VIEWS OF NO. 7284, ILLUSTRATING THE AFTERNOON DEVELOPMENT, WITH LONG SLEEVES AND PEPLUM FRILL

ning in three lines of gathers on the lines of large circle perforations in the side of the pattern. A line of tape or a straight piece of the taffeta is tacked along the gathers on the under side to stay them and hold them in place. The placket is finished and closed with patent fasteners. Arrange draped skirt over foundation with centers, seams, and edges even; gather upper edges of skirt and foundation and sew to either edge of belt. Silk or cotton belting one and one-half inches wide is used for the belt. It is closed with hooks and eyes, and affords a firm belt to hold the waist in place; one which will not wrinkle. A folded satin girdle, or a wide satin ribbon in a harmonizing shade, may be used to finish the dress as illustrated. The metallic silks and ribbons make pretty girders; and velvet is also effective.

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you with suggestions for making any garment, or in planning your summer clothes. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

THE TEA-ROOM I DID NOT HAVE

A PLAN WHICH MAY SERVE SOMEONE ELSE

By RENA CAREY SHEFFIELD

ONE day I wakened up to find the sun shining brightly through my window; and, as it shone, I tried to catch some of its cheerful, life-giving qualities, while I wrestled with a problem—the problem of earning a living for my little daughter and myself.

After going over a number of possible plans, I finally hit upon the one which seemed best. I decided upon a roadside tea-room and, having decided, I lost no time in putting my idea to the test.

In a nearby suburban town, built among the hills, I rented a little brown house on the edge of a wood, but also on the high-road to a big country club. The wood to the right of the house had, at one time, been the experimental garden of a man interested in flowers. There he had planted, in one of nature's hollows, long rows of canary-colored irises, and foreign bulbs of rare beauty and unpronounceable names, all of which, in a pageant of the seasons, flamed into a glorious yellow. Tall, waving willows, and locust trees with their delicate spring panicles, completed the scene.

I decided upon *The Golden Hollow* as the name for my tea-room, and I had some little cards printed on fiber paper, in pretty type, bearing the name of the tea-room, the location, and a list of my specialties. These cards said:

THE GOLDEN HOLLOW TEA-ROOM
ON THE ROAD TO EPSOM COUNTRY CLUB
TWO BLOCKS FROM SHADY VALE STATION

Russian Tea	Iced Coffee
Lady Baltimore Cake	
Motorloaf Sandwiches	
Diplomatic Fruit Punch	
Marmalades	Jams Muffins

As my tea-room was situated on the main road, I thought Motorloaf Sandwiches would be a good specialty. These

were to be put up from trim loaves of Brown Nut Bread.

When the loaf was baked and cool, the top was to be cut off and a sharp knife inserted down along the sides, after which the knife was to be withdrawn, then run through the crust at the bottom of the loaf, and the whole inside cut free.

This removed part was to be sliced thin and made into sandwiches, each done up separately in a square of waxed paper, and fastened with a small, gummed gold seal, such as can be procured at almost any stationer's.

The two end sandwiches would be only half the width of the others, the remaining space in the loaf being taken up with a small papier-maché cup filled with sweet butter, cheese, jam, honey, or anything one might desire to spread on the crust after the sandwiches were eaten.

After the loaf was re-packed with the sandwiches, the top was to be placed on it, the whole loaf wrapped up in waxed paper, sealed, and tied with yellow raffia. In the bow-knot of the raffia was to be fastened securely a small butter paddle of orangewood, with which to spread the contents of the paper case on the bread-crust.

The sandwiches which filled the loaf were to be of different kinds. With chicken, roast beef, corned beef, tongue, and ham, I planned to put horseradish sauce, which I make by mixing grated horseradish with thick cream, and sweetening a trifle.

Then there were to be sandwiches of grated egg, lettuce hearts with cream cheese, and preserved ginger made into a paste; sardines and minced olives or sweet gherkins; anchovies, seasoned with lemon-juice and egg chopped fine; honey and cream cheese; all sorts of jellies and



A LITTLE BROWN HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF A WOOD

3

Summer Recipes Easy-Made with famous Sunkist Lemons

1 SNOW JELLY
Half a box of gelatine dissolved in a quart of warm water and beaten to a foam with a half pound of sugar, whites of 3 eggs and the juice of 4 Sunkist Lemons, makes Snow Jelly. Add a custard made of the yolks of the eggs.

2 SUNKIST SHERBET
To one quart of rich milk and two cups of sugar, add juice of three Sunkist Lemons and one Sunkist Orange. Place in freezer and turn steadily until mixture is stiff, then cover closely and let it ripen for about two hours. A slice of orange preserve may be served with each portion, or a few maraschino cherries with their syrup.

3 RUSSIAN TEA
Scald the teapot, which should be of earthen or china. Put in three teaspoons of tea, and pour over it three cups of boiling water. Let stand in a warm place to infuse for five minutes. Serve ice-cold with a slice of Sunkist Lemon to each cup, and sugar to taste; or add the pure juice of the Sunkist Lemon and loaf sugar. Some add a maraschino cherry to each cup.

Sunkist California's Selected Practically Seedless Lemons

are juicy, tart, full-flavored, and are sent to your dealer in *sanitary tissue wrappers* after having been picked by gloved hands, and thoroughly scrubbed with brushes.

There are no finer and no cleaner lemons. Insist on Sunkist, since they cost no more than common kinds. Sunkist are uniformly better lemons.

**CALIFORNIA FRUIT
GROWERS EXCHANGE**

Co-operative—Non-profit
Eastern Headquarters:
Dept. B65, 139 N. Clark St., Chicago

[Concluded on page 54]

THE MOST SENSITIVE SKIN NEEDS



Because Pears keeps the skin absolutely clean, without the slightest irritation, even to the tiniest baby's delicate skin.

Use Pears' Soap every day and eliminate the necessity for cosmetics and other artificial "aids to beauty." It will be easy to keep your skin soft, smooth and fresh, because the pores will be clean and free from the impurities which so often cause skin trouble. Even where irritating soap has been used—Pears will help to counteract its effect.

Pears is the purest soap known, and the most economical of all toilet soaps.

Send for Trial Cake

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

For a generous trial-size cake of Pears' Unscented Soap send your address and 4c in stamps to cover mailing cost, to Walter Janvier, United States Agent, 509 Canal Street, New York City.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high-grade toilet soaps in the world.



THE TEA-ROOM I DID NOT HAVE

[Continued from page 53]

jams; American cheese sliced thin; chopped nuts and neufchatel cheese; chopped figs and walnuts; chopped prune-meat with almond paste; chopped oysters, in season, with tomato catsup; peanut-butter; ripe cherries mixed with camembert cheese; chopped green peppers and pimentos with mayonnaise; chopped mint and mayonnaise; finely chopped leeks with salt and pepper; paste made of the hard yolks of eggs, mustard, and minced ham; radishes; sliced cucumbers with lemon or onion; watercress; and endive and cheese. I meant also to make delicious club sandwiches of lettuce-leaves, a thin slice of bacon or broiled ham, a slice of chicken, and a disc of seasoned raw potato.

A good Swedish mayonnaise to mix with most fillings is made in this way:

SWEDISH MAYONNAISE.—To two cupfuls of regular mayonnaise add in the order given, one cupful of powdered sugar, one-half cupful Chili sauce, one-half cupful cream whipped stiff, white of one egg whipped stiff. Have the mayonnaise in a cold bowl, beat into it the above ingredients, and keep on ice until ready to serve.

MOTORLOAF BREAD.—Put two even teaspoonfuls of soda into two cupfuls of sour milk. Have ready one-third of a cupful of molasses. Sift together two cupfuls graham flour and two cupfuls of white flour. Add an even teaspoonful of salt. Pour the milk and soda into the mixture of flour, and add molasses, stirring until it becomes a thick batter. When thoroughly stirred, add one-fourth pound of chopped walnuts and one-half a box of seeded raisins. Be sure there are no raisin-seeds and no walnut-shells in the bread. Bake in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes. Use an oblong baking-pan with square corners, the sides of which are as high as the pan is wide.

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE.—Cream one-half pound of sugar together with one-fourth pound of butter. When smooth, add one-half cupful of sweet milk slowly, and after the milk has all been poured in, stir in one-half pound of cake flour, into which has been put one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Flavor with vanilla extract, and at the very last fold in the whites of four eggs beaten very stiff. After the eggs have been put in, do not stir the batter more than sufficiently to fold in eggs. Bake in a quick oven for twenty-five minutes.

FILLING.—Boil one cupful of powdered sugar with one-fourth cupful of water for five minutes. Beat up the yolks of two eggs and into them stir the boiling syrup. Bring to a quick boil and remove from

stove. When off the stove add a little vanilla extract. You do not use the whites of eggs in this filling, which should be a rich yellow color. Add to the filling one cupful of seedless raisins, and one cupful of almonds blanched and chopped. Spread thickly between the layers of the cake. Cover the whole cake with white frosting.

WHITE FROSTING.—To the unbeaten whites of two eggs add a cupful and one-half of confectioner's sugar, a little at a time, and beat into snowy whiteness. Then over a kettle or in a double boiler steam twelve marshmallows into a cream, and add to the frosting. Spread all over the cake. If the sugar has lumps in it, put it into a flat linen bag and roll with a rolling-pin until the lumps have all disappeared.

DIPLOMATIC FRUIT PUNCH.—To one gallon of good lemonade add one can Hawaiian pineapple, diced, with the fruit juice, six oranges shredded after the seeds and pulp have been removed, a bottle of maraschino cherries, one dozen fresh, whole mint leaves, three diced bananas, six ripe strawberries which have been sprinkled with sugar and left overnight. Just before serving add a bottleful of charged water. Serve in tall, frosted glasses with two cherries on the stems, hung over the rim of each glass, or a half slice of lemon cut down the center to the rind.

I had planned to keep my punch-bowl, with a glass cover on it, on a side-table, flanked on either side by shining glasses.

The tea-room was of brown wood with cross laths that formed windows. My tables were the brown Japanese lacquered kind, with removable tops. Over these I placed hanging flower-vases. Brown baskets were to hold the muffins, and a large basket of bamboo, the Lady Baltimore cake. The china was apple green, and the mats were rough grasscloth woven in yellow.

Everything was in readiness for the expected guests, when suddenly the scene was changed. A wonderful circumstance of which I had never dreamed came to pass—and, in consequence, the veranda was given over to be the play-place of the little daughter, who has since looked out over the woodland, and gained strength daily, watching the summer drift into autumn.

And yet, although I have so much to be thankful for in the circumstance which has given me greater freedom and leisure to devote to her, it is with an unwilling sigh that I still put away from me the haunting vision of my tea-room that was to have been, and I dimly wonder if, some day, my plans may not still be put to the test and given the chance of proving all that they promised while in the making. At least, it is worth the hope.



FRESHENING THE SUMMER HAT

[Continued from page 28]

these threads as tight as you can. Seam the ends of the ribbon. The one-inch, narrow frill will make an attractive rosette to finish the middle of each wheel.

Lay these wheels on the crown so that the middle of each wheel is against the top edge of the side crown. If the ribbon is stiff enough, no wiring is required. Tack occasionally, so that when the wind blows, the ribbon will stay in place. Some crowns are trimmed with only two of these wheels, while others have four or five. The number depends on the width of the ribbon used.

A large, flat hat (Fig. 3) is very attractive when the crown is trimmed with four or five of these wheels made of ribbon four inches wide, with one inch allowed for frill rosette in the center. If you like, you may use silk or satin for these. You can make the strips double, or finish them by hemming on a machine, or with a picot edge. Baby ribbon of a contrasting color, stitched on the edge of these wheels, makes an attractive finish.

The flat hats have been very broad, and they have grown so much broader as the season has advanced that maybe your hat needs an extension. If it does not need an extension, you can change the appearance of the old brim by ripping the braid from the edge, until your brim is about four inches wide. To make the extension, sew around the edge one row of wide horsehair or lace braid, or several rows of the narrower kind. This kind of braid needs no wiring. It presses like linen and can be kept stiff and in shape with occasional ironing. The maline frill is popular, too. Do not allow any ripple along the edge of the maline frill—only where it is joined to the edge of the frame.

If this old summer hat has a dilapidated crown, buy a crown frame for ten cents and cover it with ribbon. Fit tightly, over the top of the crown, a piece of the ribbon or two pieces of the ribbon if one is not wide enough, then drape the side crown and finish with both ends of

the ribbon crossing and folded under, to look like two loops crossing. If your crown frame is the right shape, it may be that the wreath around the base would make it more attractive. An attractive color combination (Figs. 3 and 4) is a purple ribbon crown and old rose roses, with a black straw brim.

Another way to freshen an old straw hat is to rip the braid, if it is hand-sewn, and turn it. You can sew it back in the old frame or on a new one. If the old frame is used, it should be pressed and reinforced with frame wire. If the braid you have will not entirely cover a new frame, use a satin crown.

In the early fall, when the days of the garden hat are about gone, you can use the flowers on it for a top crown for your small hat (Fig. 5). When you use foliage or flowers to make any part of a hat, you must prepare the frame first. The best way to do this is to cover it with maline, in any suitable color. Lay the maline on loose, and put pins through the frame, from the inside, to hold it in place. It is not necessary to sew it, as it will be held in place when the flowers are sewed on it. After the flowers are sewed in place, you can easily remove the pins.

The straw dyes on the market will freshen your old hats. Most drug-stores carry these. Some straws, like Milan, can be shellacked, to brighten them. For this purpose use two-thirds of painter's white shellac and one-third of alcohol. Brush it over the braid.

You can clean straws with peroxide. Put on the peroxide with an old toothbrush, then wash it off with lukewarm water. Be careful when you use the dyes or cleansers to keep the hat in good shape; especially when it is drying.

When straws cannot be dyed or cleaned, the frame can be covered with chiffon or crepe.

Foliage and some flowers are being shellacked. This can easily be done at home. Mix the alcohol and shellac, and brush it over the petals.

CAMP REFRIGERATORS

By ADA U. GLASNER

WHEN you go camping, especially if it is to the seashore, where there is very little shade, get two or three five-gallon tin gasoline or oil cans of the square, high variety, such as many companies send out. Cut the top smoothly from each can, clean the can thoroughly, and fit a wooden cover for it, that laps over an inch all around the top. If your tent has the earth for a floor, it is a sim-

ple matter to dig a hole for each can to fit into snugly, allowing the top edges to protrude a couple of inches.

Place the covers on and weight them down with huge stones or iron weights. If you keep butter, milk, and other perishable foods in covered glass jars, you can pack them, one above the other, into these imitation cellars or ice-boxes. The earth cools the foods.



In the
Sun Porch
Brick
Stone
Tile
Wood
Cleaned
and
Brightened





THE people who lived in this house last year used some scouring soap or scouring powder on the nickel plumbing fixtures. When I came I found the nickel dull as lead because it was covered with fine scratches. So I had the fixtures replated and they came back looking like new silver. And they *still* look that way—they *always* will—because I use nothing but Bon Ami on them.

Bon Ami

No coarse, gritty scouring powders! No metal polishes that eat the metal! Just Bon Ami! It's made of a fine, clean, crumbly mineral that doesn't scratch.

Made in both cake and powder form

"Hasn't scratched yet!"



PEDESTAL FOR FERN

INGENIOUS DEVICES

CONTRIVED BY THE BRIDE AND THE HANDY MAN

By EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS. Photographs by ELBERT FOLAND

A ROD of initiative is worth a league of labor," I once heard fall from the lips of the village philosopher. I have often been impressed with the truth of the saying, and never more strongly than when I first saw the new home of the Bride and her Handy Man. The little Bride whose home made such a lasting impression upon me had evidently found, in the early days of her home, that there was ingenuity plus in the Handy Man, and he, to his constant delight, had discovered that the little Bride was a fount of inspiration. Ingenuity and inspiration, in this case, had combined to transform a modest little cottage into a real home with a personality of its own, reflecting on every side the contentment and joy of its owners and makers.

Back of the ingenious devices of the Bride and the Handy Man were ten strong motives, the utilization of which has become a part of the systematic management of modern business. These ten motives are:

To lessen the labor of dusting.
To foster sociability.

To secure comfort and light.

To insure harmony.
To get ugly things out of sight.

To save steps.
To divert to other uses.

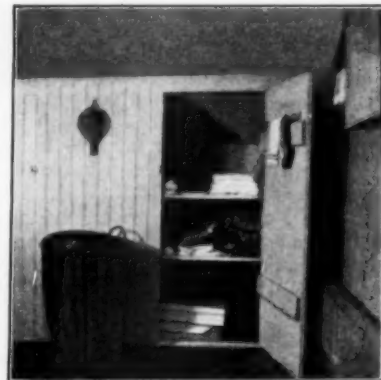
To get expensive things for little money.

To use waste space.

To surmount insurmountable difficulties.

To make these ten motives really effective in housekeeping is to use the "by-products," and remove the friction in the life of a household.

With the view to minimizing the labor of dusting, book-shelves were built in the library. These were made of absolutely plain wood, and painted white. There were no cracks, no ornamentation, to hold the particles of dust. The shelves were made of varying height, so that some of them held a year's file of magazines, while others accommodated the average book.



THE BRIDE'S LINEN-CLOSET WAS THE PRIDE OF HER HEART



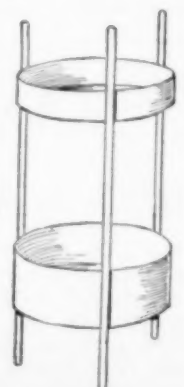
THE STEP SERVED AS A CATCH-ALL FOR THINGS NEEDED IN GARDENING

THROUGHOUT the house, the molding was built on simple, old-fashioned lines. When the wing was added, the plain molding of the rest of the house was copied there. It is surprising what a difference such a little thing as matching moldings at windows makes in the general effect of a house.

In the library, under the big double window, a seat was built in, with a hinged lid. In this box-seat were filed away the large-sized magazines. The seat was upholstered at home, in a color that harmonized with the room. Sunny and secluded, the library was not only convenient, but conducive to reading of the better sort.

The natural sociability of the Bride sought an outlet in the sitting-room, particularly, and on the porches. The view from the sitting-room, out towards the sunset and over the garden, was always stimulating, winter or summer. It was a cozy room, light in all parts. A terrace door added a quaint touch and was an easier way to secure light than making a new window. By the big window stood a complete

[Continued on page 57]



CHEESE-BOX SEWING-STAND



INGENIOUS DEVICES

[Continued from page 56]

tea-table, where the frail china and the softly gleaming silver tea-caddy enticed one to linger and talk over the teacups. Every afternoon throughout the winter months a little coterie of the Bride's friends dearly loved to wander in for an informal chat.



HERE THE DEAREST TREASURES OF BOOKS COULD BE TUCKED AWAY

If the little sitting-room could speak, it would relate many tender memories, for the Bride and the Handy Man are both of the larger personality that can sympathize and understand.

In summer the back porch is converted into an outdoor sitting-room. The sewing-stand from the room inside can be easily carried outside. This sewing-stand is an ingenious invention made from a cheese-box. The top or lid of the box, by being placed upside down, forms an upper compartment. Below, the main part of the box is placed between three rods as supports. In this deep portion, the family mending can be laid. Painted white, the stand harmonizes with its surroundings.

A CLEVER tea-stand was made by the Handy Man, out of old boxes. Three square pieces of board were cut in diminishing size, and supported by three upright sticks. Painted dark green, they were unobtrusive, and harmonized with the out-door setting. The upper shelf usually held the tea-pot and cups; the second, a plate of sandwiches; and the third, some delicious cake or bonbons. In the upper hall a delightful transformation had been made. An ungainly heater stuck up about two feet above the floor. The

Handy Man built around it a box, and placed a square top on it. No one notices the ugly thing now.

A white background for the old mahogany furniture was worked out all through the house. On the porch, green was combined with the white. The wise little Bride, instead of buying her rugs hit or miss, sent to the rug manufactory a sample of wall-paper, and had rugs woven from material dyed to match the paper. In choosing wall-papers, too, the Bride kept her eye on the various vistas throughout the house, and had one paper blend imperceptibly into the paper of another room.

THE same sense of harmony could be seen in the curtains all over the house. In the parlor and library were simple, but dignified, gobelin blue-green, sunrust curtains over simple white inner curtains. The effect with the old mahogany was very beautiful. In the bedrooms the curtains were delicately stenciled to match the wall-papers. In the Bride's own bedroom a charming pattern was worked out in stencil in the curtains, the cover of the bed, and the covering of the shirt-waist box.

In the sitting-room a clever pedestal had been made to hold the pet fern of the Bride. Instead



CORNER OF SITTING-ROOM SHOWING TEA-STAND, SEWING-STAND, AND TERRACE DOOR



A HANGING-LAMP THAT DELIGHTED THE HEART, TO HANG OVER THE DINING-ROOM TABLE

of letting it go in the natural wood, the Handy Man also painted it white to harmonize with the rest of the room. The pedestal was made of molding nailed to a square column. Both column and molding can be bought at a mill in any size ordered, and can easily be put together.

[Concluded on page 58]

Her Husband Does the Washing



Mr. Learnhow had to do a week's washing. His wife was sick and Mrs. Kindly, who was taking care of her, refused to wash. "Indeed," said she, "It's the washing that's nearly killed your wife. I can do anything but that!"



So Mr. Learnhow decided to test out what he read about Fels-Naptha Soap. Saturday night he bought a cake at the corner grocery. "Is this really good? We've never used it," he asked the grocer. "Well, nearly everybody that buys Fels-Naptha once, buys it always," answered the man.



At five o'clock Monday morning, Mr. Learnhow started to wash. "If this soap does what they say," he thought, "I'll be able to do the wash and get to business on time, too." He followed the directions on the red and green wrapper. While the clothes soaked 30 minutes he brought in the milk, started the fire and put up the clothesline. By the time breakfast was ready he had most of the big pieces on the line.



At seven o'clock there were only some stockings, a few towels and small things left. "Well," said Mrs. Kindly, "if it's as easy and quick as that, I guess I can do it next week. That must be wonderful soap. Your clothes certainly look better than mine ever did, even with the hardest kind of rubbing and boiling. And you scarcely rubbed yours and didn't boil them at all."

It always is "as easy and quick as that" when you use Fels-Naptha Soap. Not only washing, but every soap-and-water household task. Fels-Naptha is the perfect combination of soap with naphtha which actually does the hard work for you.

"Fels-Naptha"

The Original Naptha Soap





Don't Live in the Kitchen

Intelligent regard for the health and happiness of the family has led to a closer study of foods and hygiene—and this has made the kitchen a brighter place than it used to be. But you don't want to live in the kitchen. Serve

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

the ready-cooked whole wheat food—a food that contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. Two of these Biscuits with milk or cream make a complete perfect meal, at a cost of five or six cents. The ideal summer food for the home or the country bungalow.

Whenever possible it is best to heat the Biscuit a few moments to restore its crispness; then pour over it milk, adding a little cream; salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Deliciously wholesome when served with berries, sliced bananas or other fruits.

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company

Niagara Falls - - - N. Y.

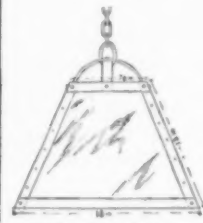


INGENIOUS DEVICES

[Continued from page 57]

Saving steps was an important consideration in the planning of the little home.

All housekeepers know how often a waste-paper basket fills up. The Handy Man devised a clever thing in the kitchen to catch all waste paper, and thus save the



SIDE VIEW OF LAMP FRAME

Bride a trip to the cellar or the barn every time the baskets were to be emptied. In the kitchen floor he cut a space two feet long and one foot wide—the width of three boards. After the three boards were sawed through in two

places and lifted out, he easily fixed an unobstructed drop to a great box, placed immediately below, in the cellar. Twice a month the Handy Man would burn up the trash in the big box. Every day the little Bride could lift the lid in the kitchen floor and drop out of sight the waste of the house. The three boards were held together by nail—two narrow on the under

Out in the also devised thing to offer tin cans, etc. under the emptied of its load of tin and glass, etc., once a year. Such step-savers pay for their cost many times over by saving the footsteps of the little housekeeper.



TOP VIEW OF LOWER PART

TO save steps in an entirely different way, a very lovely contrivance was made beside the parlor fire-place. A single compartment, narrow, but high enough to hold three lots of books, was cut out and painted white to match the mantel. Here the dearest treasures in the way of books could be tucked away, close at hand, for a quiet hour's reading by the wood fire on a lazy Sunday afternoon.

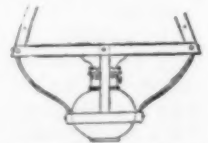
This diverting a thing to other uses than originally intended was effectively worked out with an old brass kettle the Handy Man found in the barn. He took off the handle, got three brass balls to fit on the bowl, as supports, and thus made a most effective jardinière for a rubber plant.

The maid's room is supreme testimony to the Handy Man's ingenuity. The shed loft fitted up close to the kitchen. He cut a passage-way through, built in several steps, lathed and plastered the shed loft, boarded up in one corner a little lavatory, and connected it with the plumbing. A small window was knocked out in the wall

of the lavatory. An effective use was also made of one of the steps in the entry to her room. The top board of the step was not nailed tight, but hinged on at the back. The step then served as a catch-all for overshoes, gloves and the various things the Bride needed for her gardening.

IN the rural section in which they lived, the people used lamps instead of gas or electricity. The Bride wanted an electrolier to hang over the dining-room table. The Handy Man evolved from pieces of iron, glass, and part of a burner, a lamp that delighted the heart.

The frame was made from galvanized iron cut in strips, the corner strips being thirteen inches long and two inches wide, bent at right angles. The lower strips were one and one-fourth inches wide, bent under to hold the glass. These strips were riveted together. Pieces of inch band iron rose from the top corners of the frame and curved into two crossed pieces. At the crossing a ring was fastened, from which a heavy chain fastened the frame to the ceiling. A lower part was specially made to hold the top of a burner Japalauqued to match the iron frame. This lower part was made of inch band iron, seven inches each way. A circle of inch band iron fastened inside this lower square, furnished the support for the lamp. The lower part was fastened to the frame by inch band iron nine inches long. Each piece ran from the center of a side of the lower piece to the center of the corresponding side of the frame above. The glass was bought at a store where electric light and gas lamps were sold. The dimensions were as follows: lower edge, eighteen inches; oblique side, thirteen inches; top edge, seven and one-half inches. The lower part was seven inches square. In the glass green tones prevailed. The iron frame was bent to hold the glass. Black rivets held the frame together.



LOWER PART OF LAMP FASTENED TO UPPER

There had been no bathroom in the house. A store-room was converted into a bathroom, and properly fitted up. The portion of the room under the sloping roof was made into two closets, one for general storage, the other for linen. The Bride's linen-closet became the pride of her heart.

All these things took work. But who counts work when it adds to the livableness of the home? Besides scheming things together draws two people more closely in sympathy. After all, that is the best thing about Ingenious Devices!

An Ancient Luxury Brought Up-to-Date

The modern woman, luxuriating in a PALM-OLIVE bath, giving her skin scientific care through adoption of the "Palmolive doctrine of soap and water," employs in this famous product of Palm and Olive oils a means of cleansing that is old as civilization, although in the perfected modern form.

For these great natural cleansing agents were used by Cleopatra; they equipped the extravagantly fitted baths of the ancient Greeks and Romans; were regarded as a royal luxury although obtainable only in their natural state.

Now, twentieth century progress combines them for us in America's most famous soap. You enjoy an *age-old luxury brought up-to-date* in the smooth, creamy lather of

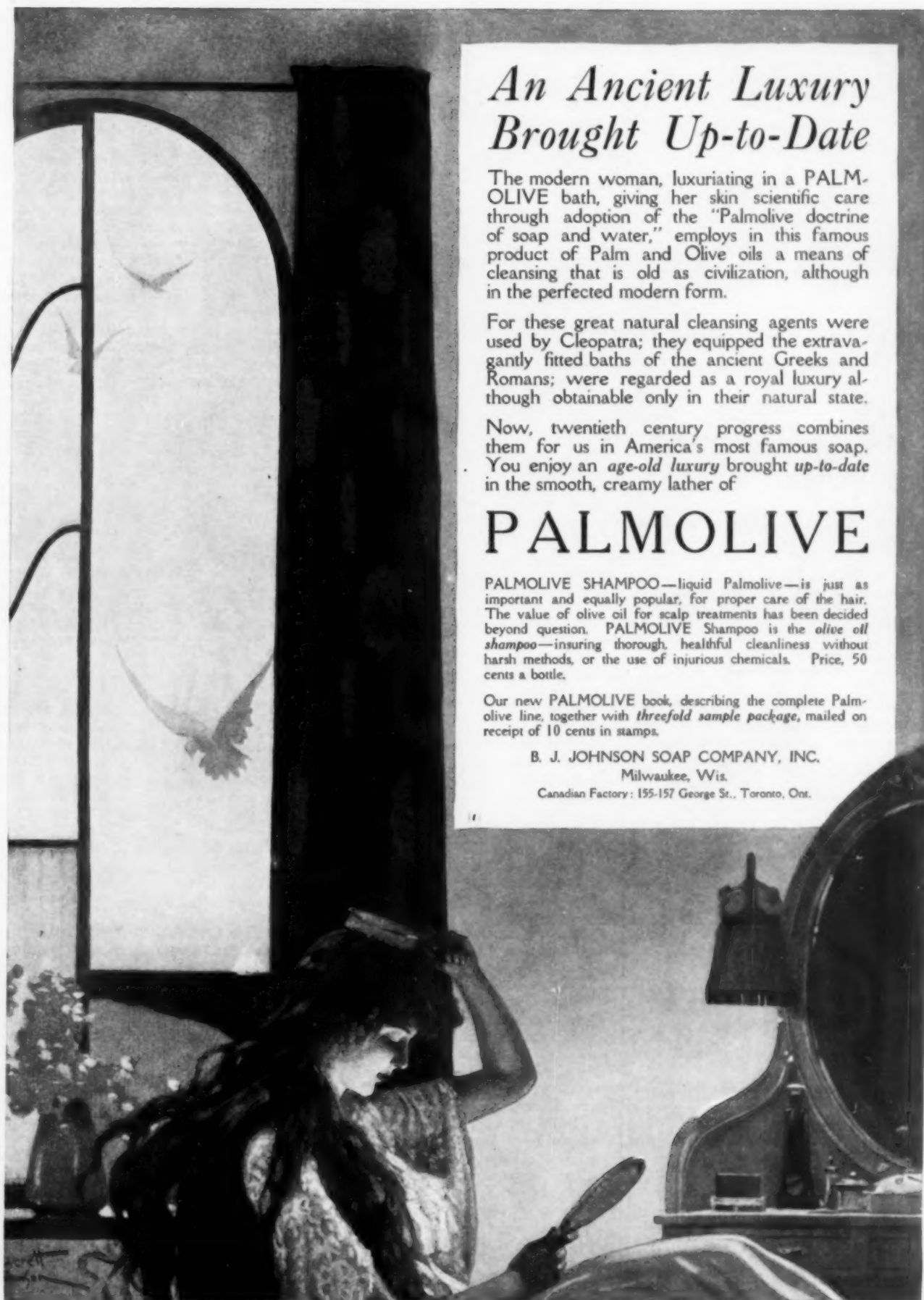
PALMOLIVE

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO—liquid Palmolive—is just as important and equally popular, for proper care of the hair. The value of olive oil for scalp treatments has been decided beyond question. PALMOLIVE Shampoo is the *olive oil shampoo*—insuring thorough, healthful cleanliness without harsh methods, or the use of injurious chemicals. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

Our new PALMOLIVE book, describing the complete Palmolive line, together with *threefold sample package*, mailed on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY, INC.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Canadian Factory: 155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont.





Put Up Your Fruit
Without Stirring

Use a

Wear-Ever PRESERVING KETTLE

All kinds of fruit may be "put-up" without the necessity of standing over a hot stove to stir, yet there is no danger of scorching or burning—if a "Wear-Ever" Preserving Kettle is used. And fruit that is not stirred presents a beautiful appearance because it remains unbroken.

"Wear-Ever" utensils require less heat than other utensils because they absorb it readily and distribute it evenly. They save fuel, time and work—they make "putting-up" fruit a pleasure.

See for yourself why so many women prefer "Wear-Ever" utensils—get the one-quart "Wear-Ever" Stewpan pictured below



FOR ONLY
25c

and the coupon if mailed on or before Sept. 20, 1916. Ask for booklet "Canning, Preserving and Jelly Making." Look for the "Wear-Ever" trademark on the bottom of every utensil. If not there it is not "Wear-Ever." Refuse Substitutes!

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever" today! Send for your Stewpan New Kensington, Pa., Dept. 30. (or if you live in Canada) Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. Send prepaid, 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" stewpan. Enclosed is 25c in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until September 20, 1916, only.

Name.....

Address.....

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking



To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.



UNCHAINING THE COOK

By ELIZABETH HODGSON

LAST June I locked the door of my flat and set out for a summer's pilgrimage around the country neighborhood where I had spent my girlhood. I had not been out of the city for fifteen years, and I was so hungry for the farm that the train could not carry me fast enough. I spent the summer "visiting around" among old neighbors, and I soon woke to one fact: farm women are chained to the cook-stove for too many hours a day. Everywhere I went I was sick at heart to see my hostess work three or four hours to prepare a delicious but over-abundant dinner, and then come to the table too over-heated, nervous, and exhausted to want any of it herself.

This is a typical farm dinner, such as the women felt in honor bound to serve to harvest hands: fried chicken and gravy, new potatoes, peas, young beets, young onions and radishes, green beans, apple-jelly, watermelon - pickle, plum - butter, cream-pie, and chocolate - layer cake! If a woman did not cook well for her "hands," they would advertise the fact, and the other women would talk.

After getting such a meal as this, the work of clearing everything away, washing dishes, and tidying the kitchen would take at least an hour, often more. And within two or three hours, the tired woman had to go back to her oven-like kitchen and begin preparations for another big meal.

Besides all this, the regular Sunday stuffing was an accepted thing. After church, two or three families would descend like an avalanche upon somebody for a Sunday visit. Probably all the women would adjourn to the kitchen, and after two hours or so, they would serve a meal that, in both quantity and variety, was equal to any three reasonable dinners. The women spent most of Saturday in preliminary baking; then they devoted the middle hours of the day of rest to preparing a "spread" for fifteen or twenty people who had been sitting around all day waiting for it; and, finally, the hostess

worked for a large part of Monday at cleaning up her house after the Deluge!

Once in a while, there would be a grand public culinary contest—a neighborhood picnic. Such exhibitions of cooking and stuffing as one would see there! A woman would lose all her prestige if she did not enter the race. Each had some special dainty for which she was famed, and the Court of Cooks would determine whether or not it was up to par!

Now, far be it from me to object to social affairs, to dainty dishes, to professional pride in cookery. I am not going to advocate living on one meal a day or on compressed food tablets. But there surely is a limit to the endurance of flesh and blood; and there ought to be a limit,

also, to people's interest in mere food. It was all I could do to keep my mouth shut day after day when I saw my friends half drugged to death in their hot kitchens.

FINALLY, I visited a cousin who had been my especial chum as a girl. I found her in a most nervous and exhausted state. She had reached the point where she was too tired to sit still even when she might. The idea of adding to her



I MADE A COMPLETE SURVEY OF THE SITUATION

burdens was more than I could bear, yet we both had been counting upon a long visit, and I did not want to wound and disappoint her by cutting my stay short.

After she had, in spite of my protests, cooked two or three elaborate meals for me, and had almost compelled me to eat twice as much as was good for me, she had a sick headache so severe that she was at my mercy for a few hours. She was too weak and wretched to resist my determination.

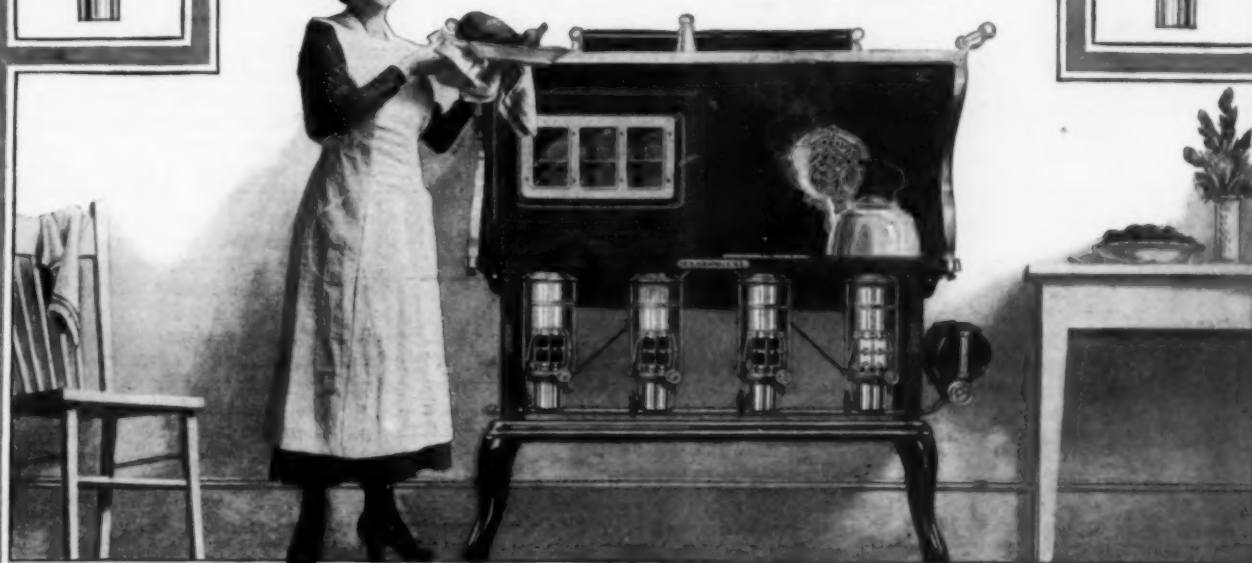
I got supper for the family and did up the dishes. Then I told Molly my ultimatum:

"You are going to have a vacation, if I have to treat you like a policeman to make you take it. Either you turn the cooking absolutely over to me, or I'll go home to-morrow. You can do anything

[Continued on page 62]

NEW PERFECTION

THE LONG CHIMNEY OIL STOVE



DELICIOUS!

Because Cooked Over the Long Blue Chimney

Perfect combustion—that's the secret.

A long chimney—a powerful draft.

A rush of air through the Long Blue Chimney.

A thorough mixture of all the heat producing elements in the kerosene with vast quantities of air.

All so completely burned within this Chimney that nothing is left but abundant, clean, *intense* heat.

No impurities—no soot to smut the vessel—no odor to taint the most delicately flavored food.

What? On an OIL Stove?

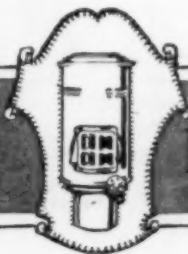
Sure! You didn't know it could be done, did you? Yet over 2,000,000 women, users of the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove, will verify the delicious cooking *results*—and now you know the *reason*—it's the *long blue chimney*.

THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY COMPANY
7373 PLATT AVENUE
CLEVELAND, OHIO

*Also made in Canada by the Perfection
Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.*

*Write Dept. D for free catalogue and booklet
"What Every Woman Should Know".*

"IT'S THE LONG BLUE CHIMNEY"





Sunburned Faces

are quickly relieved by the cooling, soothing influence of this refreshing cream. Do not rub the tender, inflamed skin but moisten a soft handkerchief with

Hinds Cream

HONEY AND ALMOND

and cover the injured surface. Keep it moist for an hour and repeat occasionally. The skin will soon heal. Hands and arms should have similar treatment. To prevent severe sunburn apply the cream before exposure. Use it morning and night to keep the complexion clear, fresh and attractive.

Selling everywhere or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c. Samples of Cream sent for 2 cent stamp to pay postage.

Do not take a substitute. Hinds Cream will improve the skin.

Try HINDS CREAM TOILET SOAP 10c and 25c.

Trial size cake 5c postpaid

A. S. HINDS
217 West St., Portland, Me.



Free!

Hair and Beauty Books

Write! These books contain latest, approved hints on Care of the Hair, Face, Neck and Arms, and describe New Free Course of Beauty Lessons. Show complete line of Toilet Articles and Latest Styles in Hair Dressing. List Newest Creations in Gowns, Suits, Transformations, Wigs, (Ladies and Men's), etc., at low prices.

These special switches are of superior quality permanently wavy human hair.

20 in.	\$1.45	24 in.	\$3.45
22 in.	2.45	26 in.	4.95

All-around Transformation, Natural Curly, Specially Priced \$4.97

22 in. Triplet Switch as illustrated \$2.97

Send long sample of hair with order. Don't fail to get both of these Free Books Women! at once. Worth weight in gold to you.

PARIS FASHION CO.
Dept. 48, 109 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World



UNCHAINING THE COOK

[Continued from page 60]

else you please, but you are to have nothing to do with food but to eat it for the next three weeks."

She objected, of course, and I had to begin my packing before she realized that I was in dead earnest. Then she gave in, and she actually cried with relief. Not to have to get up early and prepare a farm breakfast, not to have to see and smell and handle food for six or seven hours a day, was like Heaven to her.

The next morning at breakfast I held a family council while Molly was still napping, bless her poor heart. Molly's husband and the children were so stricken to think of her being sick that they were as docile as lambs. They agreed eagerly to eat "just anything" I might give them. Fred had tried several times to get a "girl" for Molly; but here, as in most country neighborhoods, one might just as well look for a duchess.

After breakfast, I made a complete survey of the situation. I would have to cook for seven people—Fred and Molly, the three children, the hired man, and myself. As I had been teaching for several years, and cooking only in the summer, I was not an expert. I had, however, been brought up on the farm, and knew how to care for milk and butter, and do all kinds of simple cooking. I had the assurance of plenty of milk, cream, butter, fresh eggs, young chickens, vegetables, and fruit. To my city eyes, these seemed like the greatest of luxuries. Twelve-year-old Helen was eager to help me, and I found that Molly had a plain cook-book.

My first definite plan was to make a great deal fuller use of milk and eggs than Molly had been doing. How few farm women teach their families to drink much milk! Yet milk is almost a perfect food. The people who do not care for it usually have been disgusted with it because it was served warm or stale, or in ugly wet glasses. Nearly all children naturally like milk, not only with all sorts of cereals, but also with brown-bread, crackers, and ginger-bread.

So the first thing I did was

to hunt up the prettiest pitcher and glasses, and serve fresh, cool milk to the children as a special treat. Presently, Fred and the hired man asked for a glass, too, and soon I had everybody drinking milk and buttermilk. Besides, I used quantities of milk in custards, blanc-manges, creamed vegetables, and cottage-cheese. As for cream and butter, what a luxury it was to have them to use freely!

Next, I turned my thoughts to reviving interest in eggs. Most women have only two or three ways of cooking them, and, consequently, they serve them so often fried or boiled, at random, that they destroy the family liking for eggs for months at a time. Fred and the others proved to be willing to eat omelets, creamed eggs, baked eggs, coddled eggs, poached eggs on toast or rice, hard-boiled eggs with spinach, deviled, and pickled eggs. These are but a few of the egg possibilities.

It was a little harder work to develop a liking for salads. The hired man and Fred refused certain kinds, but the children soon learned to eat several sorts of vegetable and fruit salads with simple dressings of whipped cream, thin mayonnaise, or vinegar. The amount of hot work saved by the salad habit is astonishing, to say nothing of the especial food value of certain raw fruits and vegetables.

It is a crime against good sense for an overworked woman to insist on making elaborate pies and cakes in hot weather. When real cream and fresh fruit are to be had, why serve "made" desserts? To be sure, some women serve fresh fruit unattractively, unripe or over-ripe, crushed or defective fruit being mingled with the perfect. A little pains in serving makes fresh fruit a lasting delight to the eye and the palate.

I told my newly adopted family squarely that I was not a cook like Molly, and that I meant to sneak out of a good deal of the baking. They kept their objections under their wish-bones, and ate the various



MY FIRST DEFINITE PLAN WAS TO MAKE A GREAT DEAL FULLER USE OF MILK AND EGGS

[Con. on page 72]

B&B

Double-Sure Products

Surgical Dressings
First-Aid Outfits
Fumigators, Etc.

"Mother, I've Cut It"



Times To Be Careful

In Our War Against Germs There's No Room for Half Measures

Whatever you apply to broken skin, be sure that it's utterly sterile.

Germs enter through small wounds just as well as through big wounds. And a few infectious germs may breed millions.

There's danger in every pin-prick.

Protect the wound, but don't apply a home-made bandage.

Don't use absorbent cotton which has been handled or exposed.

Make sure that everything touching a wound is aseptic.

Call a physician if the wound is considerable. And be very careful in the meantime.

Keep gauze and bandages on hand, absorbent cotton and adhesive plaster.

We depend on no ordinary sterilization. B&B surgical dressings are twice sterilized—once after being sealed. It is done by costly apparatus, in the most efficient way.

They are packed in rooms filled with washed air. In rooms equipped like operating rooms. The workers are in uniform.

Then we take extreme measures to bring the products to you sterile—just as they left us.

Don't take risks.

Careless laboratory methods are just as bad as utter disregard.

The brand B&B insures you against them. Every doctor, nurse and druggist knows that. Get for home use what they get for hospitals—B&B double-sure dressings.

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid.

Insist on B&B

For safety's sake, in these home applications, insist on B&B.

They are made in a model laboratory, under ideal conditions.

They are made by chemists who, for 22 years, have been serving physicians and hospitals. And whom every surgeon respects.

Real Fumigation

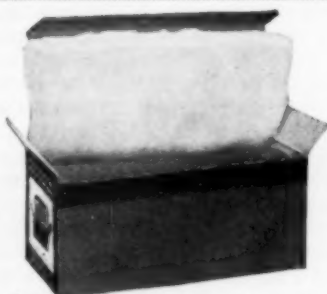
Then when you fumigate use B&B Fumigators. They accord with Government recommendation. They are twice the usual strength.

Don't live where contagious disease has existed until you know that the germs are killed.

Half measures are worse than none. They simply make danger seem safe.

These things are all important. You want competent help when you war on germs. You want absolute protection. You want the B&B care and quality and skill.

BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, Chicago and New York



B&B Absorbent Cotton

Kept Clean by a Patent Package

Put up in Handy Package—as shown—so part may be used without touching the balance. The roll is never removed from the package. Absorbent Cotton, as B&B make it, passes through 22 processes.

Some of the B&B Home Needs

Double-Sure Products

Absorbent Cotton
Gauze Bandages
Adhesive Plaster
First-Aid Packets
Blue-jay Corn Plasters
Fumigators
Araby Pastils
(Fragrant Deodorizers)

Sold by All Druggists

B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators

Twice the usual strength. Made in strict accord with U. S. Government recommendation. Ready for use in sizes for various rooms. Simply light the wick. The gaseous germicide penetrates every crevice. Use after any contagious disease. Use in any house which others have occupied. It is wise to fumigate at housecleaning time.



Lazell

Perfumer



These After-Bath Luxuries

Only the users of Lazell's Talcums can realize the care in making and the satisfaction which comes from using. Try these, then choose.

Lazell's Masatia (Japanese) brings you the magic and mystery of the Far East.

Lazell's Sweet Pea Talcum recalls the soft, perfumed air of some quaint old garden.

Lazell's Field Violet has the woodsy warmth and fragrance.

Lazell's Japanese Honeysuckle is a perfect reproduction of that well-loved flower.

Use Lazell's *Crème de Meridor* before and after exposure to sun and wind. It prevents skin irritation and protects the complexion.

This Complete Lazell Beauty Box contains generous packages of soap, toilet water, talcum powder in the delightful *Masatia* odor, also a miniature jar of *Crème de Meridor* and a box of Sweet Pea face powder—in a dainty gold-colored case (illustrated below, at the left)—for traveling or home. Sent for 25 cents and your merchant's name.

Lazell
Perfumer

Newburgh-on-the-Hudson
Dept. B-6.



Make Your Hair Beautifully Wavy and Curly Over Night

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions accompany bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere.



A BUSINESS WITHOUT CAPITAL

HOW A WIDOW SUPPORTS A FAMILY OF THREE

By THE WOMAN WHO DOES IT

TWO years ago I was left a widow with two children, both boys, ten and twelve years old. I owned the cottage in which we lived, in a town of five thousand inhabitants. That and one hundred and eighty dollars in the bank constituted my only resources.

With the shock of my loss came the terrible realization that I was confronted with the necessity of earning—not pin-money—but money with which to pay the butcher, the baker, and the numerous other bill-bearers that besieged my door each week.

I spent many sleepless nights and dreadful days trying to find some work by which, without capital or skilled training, I might be able to earn a living for three people. One day I was looking over some old papers which my husband had collected, when I came upon a receipt for a preparation for cleaning woolen clothes.

This little time-yellowed clipping gave me a new idea, and the more I thought of this idea the more helpful it appeared.

I had been accustomed to cleaning and pressing successfully the clothes for my husband, my children, and myself. Why not do such work for money? There was no regular cleaning and dyeing establishment in the town, such work being either done in an amateurish fashion at home or else sent to the nearest city. I possessed the necessary skill and knowledge, no capital would be required, and I could do the work at home, where my own little cottage with its furnishings supplied all the necessary equipment.

The next issue of our local weekly paper contained this advertisement:

CLEANING AND PRESSING

Suits, Skirts, Long Coats, or any Kind of Clothing Cleaned and Pressed. Work

Guaranteed and Prices Reasonable. Work delivered. 29 Myrtle Street. 'Phone 63.

I also had the words "Cleaning and Pressing" painted in conspicuous lettering on a large sign card, and hung this on the front porch of my cottage. An electric iron and a supply of cleaning materials completed my equipment for the work.

The sign and the advertisement were the only announcements I needed. In a short time the work began to come in. The following week I cleaned and pressed five men's suits, one woman's suit, one long coat, and two skirts, earning for the work \$7.45. The next week I had as much work as I could do without assistance.

The advertisement in the local paper, which had proved its usefulness for two weeks, I decided to continue in each weekly issue, and to my original card I added a line saying that I would clean white felt hats for thirty-five cents each. The advertisement still runs in the paper unchanged.

AT the end of two weeks, I made a careful accounting to myself of my expenditures and my profits, as I had from the very first of my venture kept a neat little book

in which I recorded each penny spent and each received. The book showed that during the two weeks I had invested in my business one dollar for the advertisement, five dollars for an electric iron, and one dollar for three good brushes and two gallons of cleaner, making a total outlay of six dollars. The electric iron has not been replaced by another, but is still doing duty, so that my weekly expenses, not including electricity, amount to about two dollars.

During the two years which have followed since I started my little business, the amount of my work has, of course, varied considerably from week to week,

[Concluded on page 65]



THE BOYS DELIVER THE THINGS AND ARE TREMENDOUSLY PROUD OF "HELPING MOTHER MAKE OUR LIVING"



A BUSINESS WITHOUT CAPITAL

[Continued from page 64]

but my average profit has been twelve dollars a week.

My prices for cleaning and pressing are: for a woman's suit, \$1.00; for a man's suit, \$1.00; long coat, \$.75; man's overcoat, \$.75; skirt, \$.35. For other articles I charge proportionately. The boys deliver things after school hours, and also call for them when they are not left by the owners. Orders for things to be called for are given over the telephone, and are always attended to the same day, when orders for calls come in the morning, and early the following afternoon, when they come in the evening.

THE receipt for the cleaner which gave me my first idea of starting my little business, I have found by experience to give excellent results, so I still use it for general cleaning of women's and men's clothing. I make it of two ounces of sal-soda, one ounce of ox-gall, one pound pure white soap, two ounces of liquid ammonia, and two gallons of soft water. I slice the soap into the water and boil until dissolved, then add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. I find it best to apply the cleaner with a soft brush.

For cleaning white felt hats I use a good grade of laundry starch, mixed with water until it forms a thick paste. I rub this well into the felt with a brush, let dry, and brush off the surplus powder. If a hat is not stained, but only soiled, this simple process leaves it as clean and white as when it was new.

After two years of prosperity I now feel that my little business is very well established, and that while it may never earn any larger profits than it does at present, still it brings me in a very dependable little income.

The work is not hard, it never necessitates my leaving home, and it leaves me sufficient strength and leisure to make a real home for my children and to take an intelligent interest in their studies, their friends, and their amusements. Not the least of the advantages which it offers is, I think, the opportunity it gives the boys of helping me. I depend entirely upon them to do my errands for me, and they are tremendously proud of "helping mother make our living." It seems to me that the manliness and sense of responsibility which this is helping to cultivate in them will be of incalculable value to them.

Editor's Note.—Do you want to earn money at home? And would you like some suggestions or advice? Write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope, and tell her your capabilities; she will be glad to advise you.



They Belong Together

**Every Bowl of Milk—Every Dish of Berries
Needs Puffed Grains to Complete It**

A bowl of milk, with bread or crackers, is a dainty dish, of course. But imagine it with Puffed Wheat or Rice.

Bubble-like grains—toasted, flaky and crisp—puffed to eight times normal size.

Thin, fragile morsels—nut-like in flavor—and four times as porous as bread.

A dish of berries is, of course, a delightful start for breakfast. But it's twice as inviting with Puffed Grains mixed in it.

Pies, tarts, shortcakes, all have crusts. Flaky crispness belongs with fruits.

For the same reason, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice belongs in each spoonful of berries.

Super-Foods—Not Tit-Bits

But Puffed Grains, remember, are not mere delights.

They are whole grains, rich in what flour foods lack.

Every food cell is exploded by Prof. Anderson's process. So digestion is easy, and every granule feeds. Wheat and rice are in no other way fitted for food as in Puffed Grains.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	12c
Puffed Rice		15c
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c		

They deserve your respect—these hygienic, scientific foods. They seem like food confections when you serve them with sugar and cream.

But they are clear nutriment. Every element—every atom becomes available as food. All that Nature stores in wheat, rice or corn does the service she intended.

These light, airy bubbles—seeming like bonbons—are matchless forms of grain food.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1342)



In striving for home cleanliness, it would seem better economy and more effective to keep your rugs and carpets clean *all the time* rather than to let the dirt accumulate for a grand, periodic cleaning. BISSELL'S VACUUM SWEEPER, used regularly, will preclude dust-saturated carpets and rugs and keep them looking clean and new. With its pure bristle brush and its self-adjusting suction nozzle which glides lightly over the carpet, Bissell's is truly the efficient, carpet-saving, easy-running and economical machine for the home.

BISSELL'S
Vacuum Sweeper Carpet Sweeper

For the frequent brushing up which is necessary in every home, BISSELL'S CARPET SWEEPER, because of its extremely light weight and large brush capacity, will always be the most convenient of all devices. It is the standby of women everywhere, a household necessity for over 40 years. Both machines sold by the better dealers everywhere. Booklet on request. Vacuum Sweepers \$7.50 and \$9.00. "Cyclo" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers \$8.75 to \$9.35. Slightly higher in the West, South and Canada.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Largest and Oldest Exclusive Manufacturers of Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World.
Dept. 215
Grand Rapids
Mich.
Made in Canada too




Men and Women
choose to use for their daily toilet

10c *Air-Float*
TALC

the fresh and fragrant powder that's freed from impurities by floating through the air. Only 10c a can at druggists and department stores.

Three odors—
Borated,
Corymbia,
Wistaria,
White and
Flesh tint.



Talcum Puff Co.
Bush Terminal
Buildings,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mfrs. of
Dentapour
Tooth Paste

WANTED

WE NEED a responsible, progressive woman in your town to represent us, selling our dress fabrics, silks, linens, wash goods and ready-to-wear garments. Many are earning \$30.00 per week, you may do as well. No experience or capital required. We furnish samples and teach you how to do it. Write now for territory.

Mutual Fabric Company, Dept. 511, Binghamton, N. Y.



NEW BAGS FROM OLD GLOVES

By MARION RUBINCAM

FEW of us American women, not even the most ingenious excepted, have as yet solved the problem of utilizing, to the best advantage, our shabby, half-worn gloves. In nine cases out of ten we discard them permanently, or, at best, forfeit them to the family scrap-bag. Not so with our French sisters, however.

"Give me your old gloves and I'll make you new handbags," says the French woman, and she takes the old pairs of gloves intended for discard, cuts them up one way, sews them up another—and starts an entirely new fashion around the world.

All Paris has taken to using these glove-handbags, with New York following its lead. It is one of the many fashions that a

woman with even a slight knowledge of sewing can adapt for herself. All she needs are a pair of gloves, long ones preferred, and a scrap-bag. The gloves are cut up the outside seam, laid together flat and sewed. This is the nucleus; the shape and trimmings depend upon her imagination—oh, yes, and

the contents of the family piece-bag.

The fashion started when a clever French woman begged the discarded gloves from all the famous people in Paris. She had the givers autograph them, then set the convalescent soldiers in the hospitals to work at sewing them together. The society women who assisted in war-relief work trimmed them, and made of each a work of art; and they are now being sold for the benefit of the Red Cross. Some of them have even come to America. One bag, made from a pair of autographed gloves worn by Sara Bernhardt, when last she played *Madame X*, is priced at one hundred dollars. For seventy-five dollars there is a bag from the gloves of the famous sculptor, Rodin, intended for a handkerchief, with the signature hidden in an outside pocket. There are bags signed by Henry Bataille, by Yvette Guilbert, by famous statesmen, actors, writers, and generals at the front, and less expensive bags, unsigned, but quite as beautiful.

Madame Bernhardt's bag is easy to copy. The gloves were half elbow length, slit along the outside seam and sewn together on a machine. They were gathered just above the fingers, and the fingers themselves made to serve as fringe and tassel.

In opening the gloves to make flat pieces for sewing, the strips of kid between the fingers must be cut out and the pieces that form the first fingers must be slit down the center. This is because the first finger has two seams, the other fingers four seams. Thus there are sixteen pieces of kid to serve as fringe. And the hole where the thumb piece went must be cut around and a flat piece set in.

Madame Bernhardt's gloves are of soft tan suede, and amber-colored beads have been used to trim it. These outline the stitching on the backs of the hands, outline the thumb pieces and stud the lower part of the bag. They are also used to outline the slender strips that form the fringe. Brown satin lines the bag.

Another bag easy to copy comes from a pair of gloves worn by Cecil Porel of the *Comédie Française*. The gloves are of white kid, sewed together down the sides and cut off square at



SARA BERNHARDT'S AUTOGRAPHED GLOVES



A PAIR OF PEARL SUÈDE GLOVES METAMORPHOSED

[Con. on page 67]

NEW BAGS FROM OLD GLOVES

[Continued from page 66]



AUGUSTE RODIN'S
ONE-TIME GLOVES

opened flat, made from the part of the glove between finger-tops and wrist, with no attempt to hide the origin of its species. Few of the bags, in fact, can conceal the fact that they started life as gloves. This has been emphasized by beading along the stitching and turning the thumb hole into a decorative medallion, for much of their charm is their transfiguration.

An idea for a practical handbag to carry with a street costume comes from one made of Henry Bataille's gloves. These are of glazed black kid, the widest parts of the opened-up glove being used, with the thumb hole elongated into a narrow oval, with a medallion of white kid set in. On this the French dramatist wrote his distinguished signature.

Two unsigned bags in this imported collection should inspire any number of

copies. One is of pearl-tinted suede, made into a perfectly straight shape. An extra piece of kid is cut into a fan, and on this is painted the portrait of some lovely lady holding a fan in her hands. The fingers are slit into narrow strips and tied into a tassel; the blue silk lining is frilled above the bag and is hand painted with flowers.



EXTREMELY SIMPLE
AND YET EFFECTIVE

the bottom, just above the finger parts. The bag is tinted with blue paint here and there, perhaps in places where it showed soil or wear, trimmed with lavender beads and frilled and lined with lavender silk.

Rodin's bag is more complicated. It is short and square when

Still another bag combines the tops of white kid gloves with blue satin. Evidently the maker of this wanted to conceal traces of its past, for where thumb piece or stitching gave way, large medallions of blue, tinted with gold, are set on, and blue and white cord outlines all the seams and sewing.

One might take an old black glove and a white one, cut off the tops, cut lengthwise the two pieces thus formed, and make a charming bag of alternating black and white stripes. A square piece of the black glove joined to these pieces would form the bottom and make the bag quite roomy. It would look well lined with black-and-white-checked satin or with orange-colored satin.

A black silk handbag in the foreign collection suggests another idea. Cut open the fingers of a pair of short white gloves, leaving an inch or so of kid above them. Gather them together so that the sixteen finger pieces radiate from a central gathering. Stitch these pieces over the satin bag from the center of the bottom, making them look like the petals of a daisy spreading over the bag. Or, take the fingers, without gathering them, and lay them



BAG MADE FROM HENRY
BATAILLE'S GLOVES

around the top of the bag, the tips hanging. They can be stitched on plain and form a petal effect when the bag is drawn up on a cord. By experimenting along lines of these novel suggestions, even the most inexperienced needle-worker can fashion a token for friend or relative that is absolutely individual in stamp. A short glove can be metamorphosed into numerous little bag-utilities. It would be necessary only to cut away the pieces between the fingers and to stitch the fingers themselves on a satin foundation.

A white satin bag would look smart with inch-wide pieces of black kid, sewed tip to tip, in a checkerboard effect all over it, or only on the lower half. This should be lined with black, white, or vivid blue silk to look best.

A clever woman can think up dozens of other ways to adapt this fashion. Handbags, sewing bags, small purses—all can be made from gloves. It depends on the ingenuity and imagination of the maker—and the contents of the scrap-bag.



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WORDS AND HOW TO USE THEM

A MONTHLY DEPARTMENT IN CORRECT ENGLISH

By EMMA M. BOLENIUS, Author of "The Teaching of Oral English," "Teaching Literature," etc.

HAVE you ever thought how much we overwork the little word *got*? The verb *to get* means "to acquire, to secure, or to come into possession of." It should not be used with *have* to express the idea of ordinary possession; as, "I have got the Packard car, which my son gave me," or "He has got the paper in the third drawer." In such sentences the word *got* is unnecessary, and distorts the meaning. Whenever the word *have* expresses the meaning as well as *have got*, you may rest assured that the former is the correct expression. *Got* should be used with *have* only in the sense of obtaining, acquiring, or securing something up to the present moment. When the auxiliary *have* is combined with a verb (*have not, have made, have taken* three doses of medicine, etc.) it is to designate that the action is completed at that time—for *have* is the auxiliary used in the perfect tense. "I have got the book you want" should be "I have the book you want;" "Have you got a knife with you?" should be "Have you a knife with you?"

The word *got* is also superfluous in the expression, "He has got to go." "He has to go" expresses the meaning. The word *get* is a provincialism when it is combined with an infinitive; as, "She didn't get to go to the concert" for "She wasn't able to go to the concert" or "She didn't get a chance to go to the concert." The expression *get up* is greatly overworked in conversation. We "get up" a play; we "get up" a class song; we "get up" a club; we "get up" a picnic lunch; we "get up" a college annual! Would it not be better occasionally to add variety to speech by using the words "organize, prepare, compose, arrange, print, publish," and the like? It is an evidence of culture to select the word that clearly expresses the meaning which we wish to convey.

MANY people try to avoid the word *got*—as the form to use with auxiliaries, preferring the shorter form *got*; as, "He has got his inheritance" instead of "He has gotten his inheritance," "It can be got from the druggist" instead of "It can be gotten from the druggist," and "He has got his reward at last" instead of "He has gotten his reward at last."

The use of *most* for *almost* should be avoided. We hear people say, "She is most ready" for "She is almost ready,"

"This is most done" for "This is almost done," and the like. "She is the most charitable woman in town" is an example of correct usage of the word *most*, for in this case it is used to express comparison.

There are several words current in business that are often misused, or overused. A good example of the former is

the word *calculate*. In different sections of the country *calculate, guess, and reckon* are used for "plan, consider, suppose, intend,

expect." "I calculate you are right," "I reckon it's snowing out there," "I calculate to go," "I calculate it's going to rain," and similar expressions are provincialisms, or localisms, and should be avoided. The correct expressions would be "I suppose you are right," "I think it's going to rain," "I expect to go," and "I suppose it's snowing out there." To "guess" it is going to do this, that, and the other thing, is just as bad as "reckoning." The word *guess* should not be used in reference to a fact or purpose about which there is no uncertainty; as, "I guess I'll go to bed" for "I think (or believe) I'll go to bed." *Reckon*, in the sense of "conclude, after a balancing of chances," as, "I reckon he won't try that again," is legitimate.

HAVE you ever wondered about the words *indorse* and *endorse*? The difference is this: *indorse* is the spelling preferred in America; *endorse*, in England, where it is almost universal in commercial use. It is just as well not to use the word too frequently in the sense of *approve*.

Certain commercial terms have also been loosely applied. *Balance*, for instance, should not be used in the sense of *rest*, or *remainder*; as, "The balance of the time" for "The rest of the time," and "The balance of the rioters went home" for "The rest of the rioters went home." The words *deal, bank on, take stock in*, etc., should not be overworked in general conversation.

On account of similarity of form, *respectfully* and *respectively* sometimes catch the unwary. It is a frequent occurrence in school to find pupils signing their business letters "Yours respectively" instead of the correct form, "Yours respectfully." *Respectively* means "relating to each," and it really is somewhat absurd at the end of a letter.

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WORDS AND HOW TO USE THEM

[Continued from page 68]

"Do you say *wait on*, or *wait for*, a street car?" asked an intelligent young foreigner one day, when we were talking about the difficulties in learning to speak English. The proper use of the preposition with certain verbs does prove at times very puzzling to any one who is learning our language. Sometimes several prepositions are used with the same verb, and each with a different meaning. *To wait for* means "to be in expectation," or "to look forward to;" as "I was waiting for a letter" and "I will wait for you." The phrase *to wait on* or *upon* means "to serve;" as, "He waits on the table," or "Will you wait on this gentleman next." The expressions "I'll wait on you, if you will hurry" or "I'm waiting on the street car" are wrongly used for "I'll wait for you" and "I'm waiting for the street car."

The verbs *agree* and *differ* are also used with several prepositions. For instance, you *agree with* a person, but you *agree to* a plan, or proposal. To express divergence of opinion, either *differ from* or *differ with* may be used; as, "We differ from (or with) the honorable gentleman." To express unlikeness, *from* is preferable; as, "True liberty differs from anarchy." We in America say that something is *different from* something else, but in England the preposition *to* is heard with the adjective *different*. *Different than* should be avoided.

THEN, there is the word *compare*.

When should we use *to*? When use *with*? We should *compare* something to something else, if we dwell upon the points of likeness; we should *compare with* something else, if we look for either difference or similarity, especially difference. In accordance with this rule, we say, then, "The speaker compared the battlefield to (not with) a great letter A," or "If you compare this building with that, you will find it to be not so well constructed."

"It's a long way to Tipperary" is the correct use of the word *way*, and serves to show us how incorrect is the common expression, "It's a long ways from home." The article *a* can be used only with a singular noun. To combine it with the plural form is a violation of good usage.

When the verb *charge* is used in the sense of *accuse*, it should be combined, not with *of*, but with the preposition *with*; as, "They charged him with many crimes" (not "They charged him of many crimes").

Sometimes very interesting distinctions are made by means of the preposition used with the verb. For instance, we *listen for* what we expect, or desire, to hear; we *listen to* what we actually hear.

To any one who is interested, I shall be glad to send a list of words and the several prepositions used with them.

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WHEN PEARS ARE IN SEASON

DELICIOUS WAYS OF SERVING THEM

By ELMA IONA LOCKE

FRESH pears may form a part of the menu throughout a long season, beginning with the early summer, when they first appear, and extending late into the fall, when the winter varieties are ready for use. The first pears are usually the very sugary varieties which are best when eaten raw, and are delicious as a fruit course at breakfast, luncheon, or dinner.

As the season advances, however, and the other varieties of pears which are suitable for cooking are to be had in the home markets, they will be found to be delicious additions to the menu when prepared in a great variety of ways. The following receipts will offer suggestions:

PEAR AND LETTUCE SALAD.—Place on individual plates a small head or nest of leaves of crisp, blanched lettuce. Fill the center with quarters of preserved pears. Add a few pieces of walnut meat and serve with a mayonnaise dressing.

B A K E D P E A R S .—Peel the pears, cut in halves, and core. Place in a deep earthen plate with the cut side up, fill the cavity with sugar, and sprinkle on a little cinnamon. Add a small quantity of water, cover the dish closely, and bake in a moderate oven for from one to three hours. The longer they are baked the more delicious they will taste. When done, heap each half with meringue and brown. Whipped cream may be substituted for the meringue. The pears may be served either hot or cold.

PEARS BAKED WHOLE.—Wash and wipe ten large pears and remove the cores. Set the pears in a granite dish and fill the core cavities with sugar, first dropping a whole clove in each one. Put a sliced lemon and one-half cupful of sugar in the pan and add water to half cover the fruit. Cover the pan and let the pears steam in the oven for half an hour. Then remove the cover and bake until perfectly tender. Remove the pears to a dish in which they can be served, boil down the juice in the pan until it jellies, adding more sugar if necessary, pour it over the pears, and when cold, serve with whipped cream.

PEARS BAKED IN MOLASSES.—Imperfect fruit may be used for this dish.

Wash and dry, cut in halves, core out the stem and blossom ends, and any imperfections in the fruit. Pack in an earthen or stone jar, half fill with molasses, then add water to cover the pears, and bake in a very moderate oven all day, or until the pears are very tender and a rich red color. If other flavoring is desired, a few whole cloves may be added, or some strips of lemon-peel.

PEAR POT-PIE.—Carefully select for this dish several ripe pears. Peel, halve, core them, and place them in a rather low stone jar, sprinkling sugar between the layers of fruit until the jar is filled. To a gallon jar add three cupfuls of water. Cover all with a good pie-crust, and bake in a slow oven for two hours. This makes a simple, delicious desert.

PEAR PUDDING.—Chop fine one quart of mellow pears and place in alternate

layers with buttered slices of stale bread in a pudding-dish, adding sugar to sweeten, and a grating of nutmeg. Pour over them one-half cupful of water, and bake in a slow oven for an hour or more. Serve hot with cream or



cherry syrup from preserved cherries.

GERMAN KLOSSE.—Pear dumplings are a favorite German dish. Pare, core, and chop fine six large, ripe pears. Mix with them one-fourth of a grated nutmeg, two ounces of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, four well-beaten eggs, and enough finely grated bread to make the mixture stiff and smooth. Mold into egg-shaped balls with the bowl of a large spoon, drop them into boiling salted water, and let simmer for half an hour. When done sprinkle with cinnamon and powdered sugar, and serve with a sweet sauce.

FRIED PEARS.—Take ripe, mellow pears, cut out the cores, but do not peel, cut in round slices, and fry in hot butter, turning and slightly browning both sides.

PEAR TOAST.—Cut stale sponge cake in small slices and toast both sides delicately. Lay the slices on small plates and heap each slice with whipped cream. Then lay

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WHEN PEARS ARE IN SEASON

[Continued from page 70]

in the center a halved pear that has been cooked in syrup, and place a blanched almond in the core cavity.

PEARS IN CUSTARD.—Make a syrup of one pint of water and one cupful of sugar, adding a few whole cloves and the yellow rind of a lemon. Peel, halve, and core two pounds of ripe pears. Put them into a jar with a tight cover, or a covered baking-dish. Pour the syrup over them, and bake in an oven which is not too hot until the pears are tender, but not broken. Then place in a serving dish. Make a custard of two eggs, one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, and a small piece of butter. When thickened, pour over the pears, let set until cold, then serve with whipped cream heaped on top.

PEAR MOLD.—Pare and quarter ten ripe pears and cook them in a little water until very tender, then remove to a platter, add one pound of sugar to a pint of the pear-water, with the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two. When the mixture boils, add the pears and let cook for a few minutes. Then remove them to a mold which has been wet in cold water. Have one ounce of gelatine soaked for an hour in cold water to cover it, add it to the hot syrup, and when thoroughly dissolved in the boiling syrup, pour it over the fruit. When cold and firm, turn out of the mold and serve with whipped cream. This is a very convenient dessert on occasions, as it may be made the day before it is wanted.

PEAR CREAM.—This is another dessert that is particularly suitable for an emergency, as it is very quickly prepared. To make it, drain the juice from a quart of canned or preserved pears and mash them very fine. Whip one cupful of rich cream very stiff with one-half cupful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir in the pears and whip all together. Set in a very cold place, and serve in sherbet glasses.

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1 teaspoonful salt	sliced fresh peaches
½ cupful Crisco	sugar

(Use accurate level measurements)

Sift the flour and salt and cut the Crisco into the flour with two knives until it is finely divided. Then add the water sparingly, mixing it with a knife through the dry materials. Form into a dough, roll out on a floured board, about ¼ inch thick. Use a light motion in handling the rolling pin, and roll from the center outward. The Crisco should be of a consistency such that when scooped out with a spoon it rounds up egg-shaped. In the making of pastry it is advisable to use pastry flour. Brush over the lower crust with a little beaten egg white before adding the sliced fresh peaches. (The egg forms a hard surface between the crust and juice but does not prevent crust from baking properly.) Sprinkle liberally with sugar. Bake in hot oven.

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PAUL RIEGER, 169 First Street, San Francisco.

UNCHAINING THE COOK

[Continued from page 62]

small fruits of the season with plain or whipped cream, or dipped their long-stemmed cherries in sugar. Occasionally, I would make them a shortcake or a baked-fruit pudding.

Most of my friends in the country cook vegetables deliciously, but they usually have but one or two ways of cooking any given vegetable, and they generally serve four or five kinds at each meal, except breakfast. The result is a wide variety in any one meal, but very little difference between meals, because the devoted cook serves everything in sight every day. Of course, hard-working country people do not have to coddle their appetites as the cave-dwellers of the city do. All the same, it is a real misfortune, and shows bad management, to satiate one's family with any useful sort of food, cooked too often or always served in the same way. Besides, it destroys the cook's own ap-
petite.

IF I had not been "company" as well as cook, I should probably have had some trouble in cutting the family down from four vegetables to two at a meal, and in making them eat their old favorites served in new ways. But we were all jolly about it; they ate to please me at first, and, by and by, they discovered that they liked the new plan. I served only a few dishes but I prepared them as carefully as possible, and tried to have nothing left over from meal to meal. The most delightful thing about the experiment was the improvement in Molly's appetite and health. She actually looked forward to meal-time like a child.

It was a marvel to her to see how little time Helen and I spent in getting three meals a day, and how docile her family were about eating foods that cost very little work.

I was careful not to use old milk, or any fruit or vegetables that fell below

grade, and I chose to waste a left-over now and then, rather than risk serving anything the least bit old.

At the end of three weeks, I summed up the result of my experiment in summer cooking. Molly had gained ten pounds, and a new point of view that will lighten her work for her. The family had learned to drink milk and buttermilk with relish, to eat several kinds of salad, to be satisfied with two or three dishes at a meal, to like eggs and vegetables cooked in several new ways, and to accept fresh fruits, custards, and simple puddings instead of elaborate cakes and pies. Unless Molly relapses into her old habits, her family will never again expect her to be a slave to the cook-stove during the sizzling months of summer. Her chains are off, and it will be her own fault if she rivets them on herself again.

If all the women of a neighborhood could be induced to simplify their cooking in some such way, the Sunday Stuffing and the Picnic Gorge would become less popular, for there would be less rivalry among the cooks. Anyway, these big meals would not be a great burden if they came only at long intervals. It is the deadly regularity of cooking all the time that hurts a woman. One can make beds steadily without losing one's relish for sleep. But few women can cook, season, handle, smell, and taste food for hours every day, year in and year out, without losing their normal appetite.

Every woman wants to feed her family not only in a healthful but also in an enjoyable way. But a simpler diet is not necessarily less appetizing and it is undoubtedly more healthful. Surely any woman can modify her summer cooking, in some way, so as to spare herself a little without injuring her family. They do not want her to cook all the flavor out of her own life, just for the sake of stuffing them with elaborate food.

PANSY CULTURE

By JENNIE PATT

AT this hot season of the year, pansy plants begin to cease blooming, and to die down. If one wishes handsome plants all the season, cut the old plants down, nearly to the ground, take a box of rich earth, and plant the cuttings in it, nipping off the buds. Place the box in a semi-shady place, and keep moist. In a short time the cuttings will root, and then can be taken out and placed in the pansy bed between the older plants.

When rooted in the ground, begin to water them with one tablespoonful of

nitrite of soda to four quarts of water once a week. You will soon have large healthy plants, with an abundance of long-stemmed blossoms. If the seeds are kept off, the plants will blossom until frost.

The cuttings can be left in the ground all winter. Protect with a little cow-dressing at the roots, then cut the stalks off about half way, and protect with leaves. In the spring you will have—as early as if grown in cold frames—robust and hardy plants.



SPENDING \$350,000,000 AT HOME

[Continued from page 27]

sleeping chambers, for cooking and food preparation, for the meetings of warriors. And as late as 1915, an explorer, Dr. Fewekes, unearthed a mound at the top of the Mesa which proved to be a temple, raised apparently to the sun.

Hunting among the ruins, one is on the threshold of another world, a world of strange folks, long since gone, with many a heroine and hero among them, doubtless. And, despite the age of the ruins, there is a fascination in their newness. There are mounds yet uncovered, ruins yet unexplored, a summer vacation for the brave and venturesome. A camping outfit will be cheerfully rented for the expedition by the Government. This you can rent either complete or in part. For instance, if you need only two knives and two forks, the rate for that particular item is only three cents a month. For double the number you would have to pay six.

Now, if your interest is sufficiently aroused for you to consider spending your summer vacation visiting one or more of these fourteen national parks or monuments, the first matter to decide is which one or ones you will choose. Your answer will depend largely upon cost, time, and personal tastes and needs.

The question of cost will depend upon how you travel; that is, upon whether you are a camper or a stopper at hotels, whether you take a Pullman or a day coach, whether you eat your meals in a dining-car or at wayside stations. Also, on where you start from.

A twelve-day trip from Chicago, including a visit to the Yosemite, Yellowstone, and the Grand Canyon, including railroad fare, hotels, transportation at the parks, sleeper and meals on trains, will cost two hundred dollars. This will give two days at the Yellowstone, one day at the Grand Canyon. A trip from Chicago to the Rocky Mountain National Park, the Yellowstone, Glacier National Park, Mount Rainier, Crater Lake, the Yosemite Valley, Sequoia National Park, and the Grand Canyon, will take about four hundred dollars and about thirty-five days. An eleven-day trip to the Rocky Mountain National Park and the Yellowstone, including hotels, railroad fares, sleepers, and fourteen train meals at one dollar each, can be made for one hundred and thirty-three dollars. If you live in the East, add to these estimates your fare to Chicago. If you live west of Chicago, the cost would be less. For many people, one park a summer would be sufficient. Occasionally one may join a touring party and secure rates lower than these.

The Secretary of the Interior will furnish information to anyone desiring to visit a certain park, as to the railroads, rates, and accommodations.



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Mennen's Talcums—all with the original borated formula which has never been bettered—include one for every need of talcum in the home.

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powders for every use, are responsible for the increased demand of women everywhere to buy Mennen's Talcums the new way—by the half-dozen, assorted, at one time.

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When answering ads. mention McCALL'S



PAULINE'S CONVALESCENCE

[Continued from page 15]

have told him it was partly due to you. Are you not staying later than usual this year?"

"Yes, rather later."

"They are hurrying you to get back?" he asked.

"There is no one to care whether I ever come or not, except as they need me at the office. I have been rather successful as a newspaper woman and I shall go back to it as soon as I can. That's all—the only reason for me ever to go back."

"You ought not to work for a year."

"But I don't believe I should like starving."

"Would you mind telling me how you are fixed financially?"

Pauline laughed. "I am not 'fixed' at all, in fact, I am very much unfixed. I have saved a little. Do you know it has cost me one thousand dollars down here? Think of one thousand good dollars just to keep me alive!"

"You will spend the next thousand in the same way, if you are not careful," Grant Howe warned.

"Let us not be gruesome to-day, anyhow," she cried. "What is the matter with you? Look at the sun on the hills over there. How yellow that green is, in the sun and how blue, out of it. Life is worth while in spots, even if it is expensive. Let us go down and have little Mrs. Reynolds make us some lunch. Let us have something indigestible, something the doctor would object to, just for once, please. Let her make us waffles to eat with syrup—lots of it."

"I'm not sure you ought to eat those things," he said to her over the pine table in the small restaurant.

Pauline laughed at him. Her eyes shone as she laughed.

"Just this time—this is a day of riot. Yes, just one more, Mrs. Reynolds, please. We must remember this day."

And they always remembered it. For that night when Pauline went out of the hotel, after dinner, and crossed the road, a man leaning against the fence came up to her.

"Hello, Pauline!" he said. The youth, the freshness, the glow were swept out of her face.

"Why—why—did you do this?" gaspingly.

"Honest, Pauline, I didn't follow you here, it was an accident." His gaze wavered as it met hers. "I came down here with some of the boys and saw you on the street to-day. You looked pretty prosperous. I'm bad off again. Hang it! Don't look at me like that. I'm not going to eat you. You always were lucky, you always light on your feet. Here you are at a good hotel. They said you were sick—you look pretty well. I'm

hard up. You are always generous, Pauline," wheedlingly.

She looked at him. There was the grayness of dissipation over an attractive face. The gaze of his wide, brown eyes gripped her hard; she knew the child in the man, knew it without noting the chin that receded a bit, the lips that sagged.

"How much do you want?"

"A hundred would help me a lot. You're a good girl. Pity you couldn't have had a better man than I was. Not many women would stand by and help as you have done."

Pauline shuddered away from the hand he extended to her, and flattened herself against the fence.

Grant Howe paused in his rapid walk. His eyes traveled from the man to the woman; from the jaunty cheapness, the confident audacity of the one, to the face of the other whose hand was clutching at the neck of her white blouse.

He stepped up and put his arm around her shoulders.

"Now, George Stanton," he said crisply, "in the future you deal with me. Mrs. Stanton is going to marry me. We all know that you have no claim in the world on her; because she was once your wife is no reason why she should be trailed by you. If she wants to help you in the future, she will do it through me. I know this history, Pauline, I have known it all the time. Now, Stanton, I will see you tomorrow and talk with you. But keep away from her."

The two people, left together, looked into each other's face.

"I think I will sit down," said Pauline faintly. "How did you know?"

"Some time I will tell you, but just now, I want to beg your pardon for taking you like that, without asking. But when I saw you against the fence—you little girl—I just walked up and took you. Do I have to give you back?"

"To whom?" smiling faintly.

"To anybody, or anything. I think I have wanted you since that first day when I carried you in my arms. Your cheek fell over that day and touched mine—did you know it? That little touch settled itself about my heart, I think. I want to take care of you, I want to see you grow rosy and strong. We'll go across seas, Pauline, we'll hunt in strange lands. I came up and put my arms around you and said you were going to marry me, without asking you about it first. I took you without asking. Now I am going to keep you. No one shall make me give you up except yourself." There was silence.

"What are you going to say, dear? No one but you can make me give you up."

"And perhaps I shall not try," said Pauline.



THE FLURRY IN LIGHT AND HEAT

[Continued from page 22]

girl with a thimbleful of brains to rouse a man like Percy?

My voice sounded all right. "That's what I want to see you about, Mr. Hopgood. Why not let me try to get this Leggett in the snare for you?"

"What have you to advance?"

Then I blurted out my plan chaotically.

"But the risk," he said. "He may have you arrested for swindling him."

That he considered me in the matter as a human being and not a machine made me feel a little warm. "That is one of the fortunes of war that I'm willing to take," I merely said.

"What prompts you to make this offer, Miss Flanders?" he suddenly demanded shrewdly, but not unkindly.

I'm afraid I hung my head a trifle in confusion, it was so unexpected. "I'm loyal to my employers, sir," I said stiffly, my head coming up haughtily.

Like all men, he was blind, dumb, and stupid. "Please don't be offended, Miss Flanders," he interrupted contritely. "By all means, we'll give your scheme a trial. When do you want to start?"

"To-morrow."

Quite solemnly, we shook hands on it, and went over the details together for flaws.

NEXT morning I hung around an upper corridor of the building in which Jonas Leggett transacted his business.

The second he hobbled off the elevator I turned my back, and when I started along that corridor again my expression was perplexed and anxious. Old Leggett's cane was rapping the marble, and I timed his approach without glancing up. Long before he reached his door, I bumped into him.

I was roused from my preoccupation by the collision. "I—I beg your pardon," I faltered in some alarm. "I—I didn't see you."

"Better look where you're going the next time, young lady," he mumbled.

"I—I was looking for a lawyer," I said in dire confusion. "Would you direct me? I've a case for a good one. But I'm a stranger in the business section and a little bewildered. I don't quite know how to go about it."

"No lawyers on this floor," he answered gruffly, preparing to stomp past me. "Ask the starter in the basement."

"O—o—oh!" I wailed, about to dissolve in tears. "Won't anybody help me? I just hate those horrid Municipal Light and Heat people! But they shall not rob my father so shamefully!"

That penetrated Leggett's thick brain and put his indifference to rout. He peeked cautiously around for eavesdrop-

[Continued on page 76]



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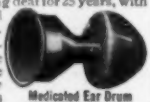
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THE FLURRY IN LIGHT AND HEAT

[Continued from page 75]

pers, and beckoned to me with a gnarled old finger. Exultantly, I tagged him into his cubby-hole office.

He deposited his old bones in an ancient revolving chair. "Now, young lady, I'll hear the rest of it," he said.

Boldly, I plunged into my fable. "They've stolen my father's patent for a self-lighting gas-fixture," I began mournfully. "Father says they mean to keep the exclusive right to it. Once it is on the market, competition will be killed. Father realized this, and agreed to sell out for a block of their stock—it will become very valuable—but they simply won't turn it over to him. They take him for a poor inventor who can't afford to go to law about it."

"Why doesn't he get his own legal aid?"

"He's broken down completely from worry, and gone to the country for a rest."

"Where do you live, young lady?"

"Brooklyn," I said truthfully. "Would you like to see my father's invention, sir?"

"First, I'll call up the Municipal company to make sure you're not lying," he said with brutal cunning.

"Don't do that," I expostulated. "Naturally, they won't admit they know anything about the self-lighter."

He pursed his dry lips, seeing the wisdom of my point—thank goodness! "I don't believe I have time to go on such a wild-goose chase," he declared plaintively.

"Please come, sir," I pleaded eagerly.

"It won't take half an hour in the tube. I'd like your opinion," guilelessly.

"I'll have to break an appointment," doubtfully.

I kept egging him on, and I could tell he was curious.

I finally got him to Brooklyn and into our little flat. Father was out—gone for the day on a pretext of mine—and I towed old Leggett right into his workshop.

Father had tapped the piping and put in his self-lighter. It had an elaborate copper tip, and was operated with a chain, like an electric light. Otherwise, it was much like any other gas-fixture. The only thing the matter with it was that to install and use it would cost the consumer something like a dollar and one-half for what was now eighty-cent gas.

I yanked the chain dramatically, and up spouted the flame. The crafty old codger seemed impressed, but not convinced. He held a lighted match to the bracket, looking for leaks and singeing our wall-paper.

When he left, he was noncommittal. "I'll send you a good lawyer," was all he said, and that grudgingly.

But I wanted to skip and yell. The cheese was in the trap and the foxy old rat was sniffing at it avariciously.

I GAVE Jonas Leggett plenty of time to reach Manhattan. Then I ducked into a sound-proof booth at the corner drug-gist's, and telephoned to Percy. He so far forgot his dignity as to whoop at my intelligence, and I caught something about raising my salary the first of the year. But that wasn't what I wanted from him. Ruefully I pondered if he knew what I did want from him.

When I got back to Broad Street, I waited until I heard Leggett's shrill, piping voice in the vortex bidding for Light and Heat, where the shares of the all-but-bankrupt gas company were selling around five dollars. Lucile Adams' \$2,500 would be her wedding dowry.

Straight toward Hopgood's sanctum I marched when I got back. The connecting door was open a crack, and I peeked through.

At what I saw, I stiffened and turned my face toward the opposite wall. Spitefully—I've a vile temper—I yanked out my hatpins. Who wouldn't be upset? I had just seen Lucile Adams lifting her lips to Percy to have them kissed! And he was bending closer. I hadn't waited to hear the sickening smack.

IN a blue funk, I made him send for me before I would go near his old private office. At my serene entrance—I had control of myself by then—I casually glanced around for Lucile. But she was gone.

Percy just took both my hands and thanked me. "The Light and Heat's just been sold at five dollars and twenty-five cents a share," he said crisply, "to Jonas Leggett. I don't know what we'd have done without you, Myrtle," mantled in one of his adorable blushes. "I sent for Miss Adams to tell her in person—"

It was rather trying for me, but I didn't even blink. He was gay, like a boy. I should have been warned by this irresponsible mood. But I didn't think he had gumption enough to kiss his grandmother! The next thing I knew, he had thrown his long arms about me and was hugging me like a bear. Of all things!

Furious, I slapped his face for him smartly. "You miserable coward!" I screamed, beside myself with mortification. "Let me go instantly!"

"I love you! I love you!" he kept babbling wildly.

Was the man losing his balance wheel? "Better save that kind of talk for Lucile Adams!" I advised him scathingly.

He seemed hurt at first, then capered for joy. "You're jealous!" he yelled at me idiotically.

[Concluded on page 77]



THE FLURRY IN LIGHT AND HEAT

[Continued from page 76]

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I did neither. Since he had released me, I backed off warily.

Gropingly, he came toward me. I had knocked off his glasses, and he couldn't see me very well. Nor could I see him for shame. Yet my arms ached to reach forth and guide him to me. But my pride was upstanding, and I let him grope.

"Please don't go yet, Myrtle," he called, squinting around the room helplessly. "I've been rather crude in my love-making, I'll admit. But it was simply lack of practise. Your actions just now made me very happy."

He bowed his head humbly like a slave before his queen, and a lump as big as a baseball got in my windpipe, strangling my reason.

"But I—I thought it was Miss Adams all the time! The way you—you looked when you spoke her name!"

"I must have been looking at you when I said it," he said stubbornly. "Don't forget that."

"But I saw you kissing her?" I argued desperately.

"You saw her trying to make me," he contradicted gently. "But I told her to run along home like a good child."

"Why did you margin her stock then?" primly.

"For no other reason on earth except to keep the memory of her uncle green, dear."

Percy smiled bashfully, afraid I'd laugh at him—when I wanted to squeeze him to death! And this was the man I had thought dry, emotionless! You can't always tell what sort of flowers bloom in a garden, by staring at the wall surrounding it.

"I've loved you for months, dear," he concluded in that very humble voice I liked. "But I hesitated about asking you to give up a self-respecting job. All I have to offer is money—and myself, little enough. But if you care to marry me, I could make you very happy, I think. I should be very proud, I know."

SUDDENLY, I got down on my knees to hunt for his lost tortoise-shell goggles. On my knees still, I petitioned his forgiveness for misjudging him. And when he wiped and adjusted his glasses anew, he looked at a very penitent, very different young woman.

This time, when he kissed me, I didn't slap his face. I patted it, as foolishly as Lucile Adams could have done the job. But I was feeling very foolish myself.

And that's why I don't want any sympathy; that's why I was discharged from the employ of Hoppood and Hopkins, Stock Brokers. Percy doesn't want his wife in any office while he has a dollar.



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OUR HUMAN PROBLEM CONTEST

HAVE YOU A SOLUTION TO OFFER?

[Continued from page 19]

A Resting-Room for Women

MY home town is a city of some eight or ten thousand inhabitants. While small, it is the center of trade for the whole county, being the outlet of nearly all the industries of the surrounding towns, of which there are at least a dozen.

"On gala days, such as the Fourth of July, Labor Day, and especially on circus day, when the whole country-side swarms in upon us, we see tired women with babies in their arms and perhaps two or three more hanging on their skirts, who have not a place where they can sit down and rest; not a wash-bowl where the sticky fingers and sweaty, damp faces of the children can be cooled and cleansed; not a place where they can procure a drink of water; not even a public toilet room.

"To be sure, one can sit down and wait in the waiting-room of the street railway, but this contains none of the necessities mentioned, except for the convenience of the employees. It is the same with the dry goods stores. There is no park, so the women cannot even sit down out of doors.

"I would like to see a change in this respect, and have a resting-room opened where women and children who have ridden through dust and heat for perhaps twenty miles to do their shopping, can be made comfortable. It would pay the merchants to club together and open such a room, for the increase in trade would more than balance the outlay. There are hundreds of women who would enjoy a day's shopping and sight-seeing, but they dread standing all day long, and so stay away, and send by the husband or son, for the things that they cannot do without, and put off the most of their shopping from week to week, because they do not feel equal to a whole day in the city without a place to rest.

"If merchants do not feel like bearing the whole expense of such a room, they might put in some penny-in-the-slot arrangements, whereby one could get a paper cup or a paper towel or other necessity for the sum of one cent. I am sure any woman would gladly contribute her cent, for the comfort it would bring her."



A Parent Problem

THE part of life which I find impossible to change is the chronic discord between my parents, and particularly Mother's hard, unjust attitude toward Father.

"She has an abnormal feeling that he has been a failure as a husband, selfish, improvident, thoughtless, and foolish—nothing worthy and everything undesirable. She also maintains that he has been a failure as a father, although she does not resent this somewhat truthful notion so strongly as she does her own wrongs and miseries.

"I see the justice of some of her contentions. Father was the baby of a large family, and a 'mother's pet.'

"Father is an easy-going man, a natural wanderer, and enjoys going to new places and seeing new things, even now, at the age of seventy. He should have remained free, at least during early manhood, to move or go traveling whenever the wanderlust seized him. Instead, while yet a boy, he burdened himself with numerous 'hostages to fortune,' which, however, did not always prevent his deserting

one job—he was a country miller in the days of the water-power grist-mill—and moving on to greener fields afar.

"As soon as we five children, who are now in command of the family ship, grew old enough to work, one after the other, we began earning. Our father was growing old and his occupation going, even before we were all old enough to contribute, and at one period times were very hard with us, financially. But by our united efforts, we have educated ourselves and have kept the home together. Now we are all earning, and things could be very happy and bright, if Mother didn't persist in cherishing her unreasonable and useless grudge against Father.

"No woman has a right to be a wife, I say, who cannot turn philosopher at need. For unless she can, and can realize that she must take the faults with the man, endure what she cannot cure, put up with his whims and disagreeable traits if she won't leave him, work for peace at any price if she stays by him, and refuse to let her matrimonial troubles warp her nature, life will be just a cat-and-dog existence not only for man and wife, but the children, too.

"We have decided that the only thing we can do now about this family skeleton is to try to starve it out. 'Be tactful and do not worry,' is our motto. We go on with our duties as we see them, and try to get some pleasure out of life, ourselves, and to make our parents happy, as far as lies in our power."



Finds Life a Mad Rush

'TING-A-LING-LING.' There's the telephone. 'Hello, yes, you may count on me to assist your committee to plan details for the Better Babies' Contest. To-morrow? Oh, I can't, the Woman's Club has called a special meeting to discuss Playground Equipment for the grounds donated the city. I could not possibly substitute at your bridge party. Thank you so much for asking me. Goodby.'

"There goes the doorbell. It's the mail-carrier. Notice of Board meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association. Invitation to Taffy Pull by Christian Endeavorers. Object, to raise funds to purchase needed piano. Notice for Dinner to Brotherhood given by the Women's Aid Society of the Church, thirty-five cents a ticket.

"'Ting-a-ling-ling—' 'Hello. Pretty well, thank you. Am ironing this morning and must freshen up last year's hat to wear to the Committee meeting. Dorothy is taking part in the cantata and I must make a new dress for her this week. That salad receipt? Hold the line and I will get it and read it to you, so you can copy it. Not at all. Goodby.'

"Someone at the back door this time. My next-door neighbor to borrow a collar pattern. It is up-stairs in the attic. Down-stairs again and at the ironing board until interrupted by the front door-bell. A persistent canvasser this time. A neighbor sweeping her porch calls a greeting and hurries over to tell about her small son who overate last night and is pale and languid this morning—which, by the way, is a regular weekly occurrence, and the recital of his symptoms by the doting mother has lost the power to evoke much sympathy. Back again to the ironing. 'Ting-a-ling-ling—' Oh, bother that phone! 'Hello, will I go for a little ride this afternoon in your new car? Oh, my dear, thank you so much, but I just can't, I haven't the time. Hope to

see you at the musicale this evening. The proceeds are to go to the Y. M. C. A., you know. Au revoir, then."

"Central, give me Main 746. Hello, dear, can I sell you a cook-book? These books are gotten out by the Kultus Club, you know, and contain our choicest receipts. We want to raise money to beautify the library grounds. You know they are an eyesore at present, and the city has no money in the treasury available for that purpose. Yes, I'll be glad to come to your donation tea and bring a cake. Good-by."

"And so it goes on ad infinitum. And anyone who has lived in a progressive Western town knows I have not exaggerated."

"Now I am naturally active. I love to associate with the earnest, capable women who are leaders in club work. To attend the interesting meetings and discuss civic problems and their possible solutions. I am much interested in lectures and good music and delight in entertaining friends at our home. Having lived in a large city until my marriage, the informal neighborliness of the small town appeals to me. But—life has become a constant mad rush. Demands on time and purse are excessive, and the ways seemingly open to women to raise money for any sort of civic or church work so small and unpractical as to seem hardly worth while."

"Something is wrong I know. There is no time for concentration. The energy expended is too great for the results obtained. Is this a problem and what is the solution?"



Needless Resignation to the Ugly

THE problem which seems a great big one to me is this: I live in a little town which is the county seat, and which has long borne the stigma given it by other neighborhoods as a town of non-enterprising residents. It has gained this reputation not only because of its utter lack of good streets and almost of respectable-looking houses, but also because of inconveniences which visitors are put to because of lack of accommodations.

"I have never wanted to live in a city, for I love the country, but all of my life I have longed to live in a pretty little town where the streets were as clean and smooth as the scrubbed floors of one's houses, and where the houses and fences were not unsightly, and where, in each yard, there were a few flowers that bloom profusely."

"The part of my problem which seems so difficult to me is that the townspeople seem so resigned to all of this because of this little town's lack of wealth."

"I have never ceased to wonder why it is that people accept poverty with all of its sordid accompaniments as the inevitable. I believe it would not be so hard to convince the people that the town could be beautified, if they realized sufficiently that it ought to be done. When I have chanced to remark that such and such a thing should be done, invariably some one will say, 'but what do the people here care? They don't care how it looks.'"

"I do not believe that it is so much that they do not care, as it is that they do not take time to realize that it ought to be different, so busy are they with the problem of earning a mere living. When I suggested to a man that he let his child have music lessons—a man who is quite able to do so—because the child is really musical, he said, 'but that is not bacon and beans,' which expresses the whole problem perfectly. The residents of the country and the small towns are too greatly concerned with the mere earning of that which feeds and clothes the body. They forget the greater concern of life—that of feeding their souls, which will not accept anything that falls short of the beautiful. I believe this is where the difficulty lies."

"While I have always lived amid the environment I have depicted, I have never ceased to go, day after day, to an

up-stairs window that overlooks tumbled-down fences and weather-beaten roofs and gives a clear view of our beautiful pines—the only view that is not obstructed by a barn or a shop. The pines have taught me, over and over, that life is more than eating and sleeping and clothing our bodies. They fill me with an intense desire to be the medium through which the people of this little town could, at least, be led to believe that the conditions around us are not inevitable, that none are so poor but that with energy and a love for the beautiful, we can change this town into a neat little village which will be our pride and delight and the pleasure of those who visit us."



Country School Problem

THE country school has been an unsolved problem to me.

I was born and brought up in the country, attended a country school, and served in the capacity of teacher in a country school for eight years. About twenty years ago I married a farmer and in course of time became the mother of four children, two girls and two boys. The two eldest girls attended school about the time the Patterson law went into effect, which graded them ready for high school and gave them free tuition.

"They completed the course before they were fourteen and were ready for high school. Then my troubles began. We were living, at the time, about eight miles from any good high school. No graded roads—only deep mud or rough roads for at least six months in the year—made sending the children to high school too much of a problem to undertake with only one man on the farm. We were not financially able to pay their board, and, besides, we did not consider girls of fourteen competent to board by themselves with no older person to advise and care for them. I believe that one of the reasons why country people leave their farms is to be with their children when they go to high school. This is the time when parents' care and advice are needed most by children."

"I sent my girls another year in the eighth grade, and that, together with some home study and instruction in music, which we were able to secure near home, domestic science, and sewing, had to suffice."

"Now, when they are old enough to leave home and apply for an opportunity to take a nurse's training at a hospital, they are turned away without any examination, because they have not had the first year of high school."

"The same difficulty confronts girls in other occupations."

"How can we best meet these obstacles? The township is now paying a tax of five mills on a dollar for school purposes, our teachers are inexperienced, and no grade is taught above the eighth. My oldest boy is in the eighth grade this year. The question is of the utmost importance. How have we a right to turn children out of school so young and with just the rudiments of an education, and ease our consciences by just allowing them their tuition for high school?"

"Before this grading began, pupils were encouraged to attend school until seventeen or eighteen, and many of the high school branches were taught. Not so now. If a child is especially brilliant, the schools turn her out at twelve."

"Under these conditions, have we progressed or retrogressed in our one-room country school? I think something should be done to help these pupils secure a better education. I believe country people would be willing to pay tuition if their children could be home. Is there no way of securing two or three months, each year, of good, practical help for these pupils? If it could be accomplished, great good would result, and I believe the exodus of country people to the cities would, in a great measure, cease. We would have better and more contented country residents."



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HER EXCELLENCY, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADRESS

[Continued from page 17]

other American Ambassadors to the mother country, though London is probably the gayest of the war-stricken capitals—zeppelins or no zeppelins. During war time, His Excellency's wife has had a whole new program to fulfill. It used to be her sad duty to explain to stranded Americans that neither she nor her husband could make up their deficit from careless spending or supply the missing check from home which too often was mentioned in futile talks with the business-like secretaries of the Embassy. Mrs. Page has met and been found charming by scores of celebrated hostesses, but there have been no gay balls, and while work on Belgian Relief Committees and Anglo-Russian benefit concerts is a much more human occupation than the endless round that occupied my vision as a child, she has probably lost many amusing experiences.

But, war or no war, introductions at court are still to be made, and buffeting the American woman who is angling for her entrée is not always an easy task. According to etiquette, Her Excellency can make only three or four introductions in a season, and the court chamberlain has the task of approving this blessed maximum out of a hundred applicants. But he oftentimes depends on the ambassador to lift the black-balling eye-lid. A divorcee, or a woman in any way singled by a social scandal, is never considered at all. "There is always a long list of applicants—oh, so long!" one Ambassador confides. "People are always asking—for it isn't American to risk losing for sheer want of not demanding. They begin by being pleasantly suggestive, and many times end with prayers, and threats to use political pull in Washington to get my husband recalled."

When there is a lovely American debutante to be presented to their Britannic Majesties, there is tremendous flurry beforehand. Slim little Margaret is told, of course, that she must wear a décolleté gown. Only a certificate from the court physician himself would make a high-necked gown possible. Her white kid gloves must come up to her shoulders, and her train must be four feet long. Oftener, it is fifteen, and there are many heartburning rehearsals at home before she loses the certainty that she will fall down and be smothered in her finery before she has ever reached the throne. She knows she must wear the headdress of three ostrich plumes nodding royally from the back of her head, and that no gown fit to pass inspection can be had under a hundred guineas—or five hundred dollars in Father's money.

The inspection is real; for when she and her chaperon have driven up to Buckingham Palace at eight, a full two hours early, for courts are held at ten at night nowadays, and not in the afternoon as in Queen Victoria's time, she passes under the careful eye of the official inspector, who examines her from hair to heels. Then she is led to the audience chamber, and hands her pink card, with her own name and Her Excellency's on it (sometimes, of course, she may be presented by some great lady of England) to a gentleman-in-waiting who tells her she can walk up now to Their Majesties, and reminds her "fifteen curtsies" in a throaty whisper.

Fifteen times she bends low, and as gracefully as many aching days of practice have made possible. Her Excellency sees her charge before the low velvet dais and hopes the kiss on the Queen's hand won't be forgotten.

Then it is over, and presently Margaret and Her Excellency are together, and she is telling His Excellency that he is almost, though not quite, as handsome as the head waiter, and they all laugh together—for the American Ambassador and his secretaries are the only men allowed at court in simple evening dress. Other nations' representatives must come in the knee-breeches of required court costume.

In some courts, Vienna, for instance, where Mrs. Penfield does the honors, the Ambassador has a tense feeling of electiveness. "For it is easier," the saying goes, "for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for an outsider to get into the best set in Vienna." Franz Josef is an old, old man and a widower; but, before the war, there used to be two court balls, the big Hofball, and another, the Ball bei der Hof, which only the high nobility might attend. There are four American-Hungarian Countesses who are always conveniently away from Vienna, in Budapest, when these great dates in the Vienna calendar come round; for neither charm nor millions can open a door that demands "eight quarterings" of noble forebears. The American Ambassador is the one American woman who has, as it were, the ticket. I dare say Franz Josef is just a little glad of this entertaining break in the solid wall of nobility, though he was never as frankly fond of Americans as the Kaiser.

Mrs. Brand Whitlock, wife of the Minister to Belgium, has a twinkle in her eye as she prefaces a story of her terrible two years as Her Excellency. When the Belgian post was first given to Mr. Whitlock, he quite approved of the selection, as he

[Concluded on page 81]

HER EXCELLENCY, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADRESS

[Continued from page 80]

wanted a quiet place where he could write when his official duties made no demands upon him, and it was just as Mrs. Whitlock had settled to a peaceful ménage, just outside of Brussels, that war broke out, and less of peace than the world had ever known before chilled all her plans. Instead of a quiet life, she has seconded her husband's efforts to solve the problems of starving refugees.

The present American Lady at the Kaiser's Court has seen only the troubled and valiant pathos of a Berlin at war. Mrs. James W. Gerard, when she first came, won a charming reputation for herself, quite outside the Royal Circle, by her frank interest in the American student colony; and in the days of that tragic August, the head beneath her shock of rollicking brown hair was said to be the coolest in Berlin, as she ordered clerks and helpers to comfort and explain, and from her own generous pocketbook tided over helpless victims of chaotic post and cable service.

It is just as well to be tutored in the customs of the country to which one is assigned, if Her Excellency doesn't want her country to be classed as provincial. In Petrograd, a tale is told of the first reception offered one of the recent representatives of the United States by an old court family. His Excellency was a brusque little man—and prompt. He came at ten, and stayed until eleven; then rose and announced, like any honest working man, "Well, I have work to do early in the morning," and, followed by his wife, left the room. An hour later, the guests arrived, in cheerful Russian fashion, and found their birds had flown.

The Turkish court, although comparatively informal, is one of the most cultivated in Europe. Incidentally, there are unpronounceable rewards for being a supporter of charity under the Red Crescent of Turkey. Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, whose husband has just resigned from his post as Ambassador to Constantinople, was decorated last New Year's with the order of Nichan-i-chefakat of the first class; and orders of the second class, all very gay and set in sparkling brilliants, were passed round to her three daughters.

"Oh, come," said Emily to me, just the other day, when I was lamenting the lack of a glittering dingle-dangle of the Nichan-i-chefakat, "you know you're only non-sensing. Why, every American woman stands for the whole nation, and kings and queens and good cabbages are alike worth seeking." Then she relented. "But it is true, that for the inner thrill of being the messenger of your nation to the celebrated courts of the world, and to meet the story-book people of the earth, the ambassador's wife must find her lot a queenly one."

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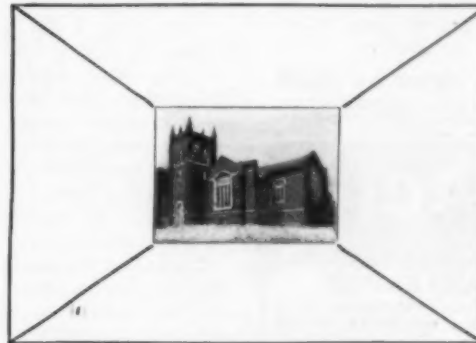


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THE LITTLE GOLD GOD

[Continued from page 12]

When Dad took me into the first one, he swung along with that long stride of his and left me far behind. He came back in a hurry, a little alarmed at losing me so easily.

"You are not afraid, Betty, are you?"

"Of course not!" I said indignantly, "what is there to be afraid of? But why do you tear along so? Couldn't we slacken up, so that I could see things as we go along?"

I held my candle close to the wall of the tunnel.

"I am just crazy to find a nugget, myself," I confessed.

At that he shouted. This isn't a nugget mine at all. The great stack of ore beside the stamp mill has thousands of dollars in it, and yet Dad says I could dig all day and not find anything. I was tremendously disappointed, and when I happened to raise my candle and glance up, I called joyfully for him to come and see what I had discovered. The roof of the tunnel was glittering with golden crystals like a Christmas tree.

After this I am going to be more modest. I think I shall learn faster.

"Yes, Miss Christopher Columbus," Dad laughed, "it is all through the tunnels. But it is only a mirage; nothing but mica—fool's gold, the miners call it. Now, if you want to get into this bucket and go up to the highest level, we can come out close to the top of the mountain and I will show you a wonderful view."

I love that mountain-top. On one side, you look down a sheer four thousand feet into the ocean. At that height, the sea looks flat, like water in a tub, and soapy at the edges. In the other direction, you gaze out over our Island, across the upper camp and over the lower camp, sitting in

the sun on the shore; and away, seventy miles over the ocean, where the mainland shows faintly like clouds on the horizon.

Way up there on the mountain-top, with my sea-washed Island lying at my feet, I breathed my awed apologies to Rosario, and my last, lingering bit of regret blew away in the salty breeze and has been lost at sea.

The first time the steamer came back to the Island, we were up at dawn to watch for the little speck on the horizon that gradually took the shape of a little puff of smoke. It was exciting watching it coming, and Alice and I called and waved like idiots while it was still a mere blot. As soon as the mail sack was brought ashore, we all crowded around Mr. Nelson's desk for our letters.

There were two letters for me from Jack Gordon. Just nice, friendly, charming letters—except that he was very insistent in begging me to write to him. I suppose it is all right, so long as he is not actually engaged to that girl; but I am a little disappointed in him. He didn't seem like a man who would want to pay attention to one girl while he was hoping to marry another. I suppose he finds me useful in the rôle of small sister, but I am not sure I am willing to go on playing it for him.

I don't think much of his old mascot! It is the funniest thing, but that Little Gold God simply will not stand on his head! I thought it was because the boat rocked so that first night; but I have tried him a dozen times since, and he just topples right over. And yet he stood on his head when Mr. Gordon showed him to us on the train that day. Well, he isn't a bit of use right side up—that's sure.

(To be continued in the September McCall's)

BALANCING THE VALUES OF LIFE

[Continued from page 24]

grows annoyed, he tells me irritably that I am not a woman, but a Career.

It is this man, too, who, at odd times, tells me about my former husband. Not long after his marriage, one of those coveted advancements came to him. And in a little suburb outside this city, he has a tiny home, and children that more than fill it—four of them, in fact. His wife does all her own work, for living is high, and children must be clothed and fed. "But when it comes to fathers"—I quote this friend—"Jack scores one hundred per cent."

I would have guessed that without the telling. Domesticity was Jack's salient quality, whereas I am a successful business woman.

Sometimes, on Sunday, I sit at my window—a window that faces the park—and I watch the procession of mothers with their babies. If a particularly drab and dispirited one goes by, looking the worse for her shabby clothes, I look back at the wonder of my apartment, and I want to say to her: "Don't look that way! Don't feel like that! Your riches cannot be counted—and they are the only ones that count. For what you have, I'd gladly give every valued thing in my possession."

And now, only one last thing: I have made a will, and not having any relatives of my own, it is drawn up in favor of Jack's children and their issue—and this, not by way of indemnity, but remembering those words: "It might have been."



"What Fools these Mortals Be"

An honest business family, consisting of manufacturers, jobbers and retailers, is driving through the forest of distribution to the market place. The woods are beset with hungry wolves, and the only safe route is along the well-marked road of intelligent advertising. The driver is a safe and experienced Advertising director and the members of the party are armed with cash resources, ability and experience, with which they may fight their common enemy, the wolves. They are all anxious to obtain the profits awaiting them at the market place and they show some impatience at the time the journey requires. Finally there is a dispute as to a shorter course to be followed. The manufacturer, the jobber, the retailer and the consumer, each insists on dictating the way. Suddenly they seize the reins and the frightened horses plunge off the established road. Then the men attack each

other, each striving to control. Their weapons are turned against each other and immediately their common enemies, Fraudulent Advertising, Dishonest Merchandising, and Unfair Competition come closer to the sleigh. The wolves realize that their victims are being prepared for them. Their jaws snap eagerly in anticipation of the feast. It

is evident that the entire party is doomed if the family conflict continues. One by one the members will be dragged down by the wolves. Their fate is inevitable—but harken! Hear those shouts at a

distance! Another party is approaching at top speed! There is yet hope, for it is the Vigilance Patrol maintained by The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. Business will be rescued! The guns of the truth-in-advertising forces will be turned on the marauders and the family will be conducted to the safety of public confidence.

This is one of a series to Advise Advertising—by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World (headquarters Indianapolis). The illustration is used through the courtesy of the publishers of "Puck". The text was prepared by Marie Sidener, chairman of the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs. Write for booklet, written for buyers like yourself. Every man or woman who buys any kind of commodities will find it profitable reading.





O-Cedar Polish

If you would have clean, sparkling bright furniture—as attractive as new—use O-Cedar Polish. And use it the O-Cedar Polish Way—with water.

If the results do not delight you, your money returned without a question.

25c to \$3 Sizes At All Dealers

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO
CHICAGO - - TORONTO - - LONDON

Blue Bird Pin Cushion Outfit — 25¢



Blue Bird for Luck

THIS popular Blue Bird Pin Cushion comes to you put up in outfit form with silk to embroider it, Mercerized Crochet Cotton for the edge and instructions for the embroidery and crochet work which anyone can follow.

For only 25c you will receive the following:

- 1 Pin Cushion, 7x13 in., stamped on Pure White Linen.
- 2 Skeins Richardson's Pure Silk Floss.
- 1 M. C. Cordonnet Crochet Cotton, sufficient for edge.
- 1 Sure Guide Embroidery and Crochet Lesson.

Richardson Quality

Write today. Send 25c and your dealer's name. We will refund your money if you're not delighted.

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY
Makers of Richardson's Spool Silk and R. M. C. Cotton
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Yes, you may keep this new Edison—and your choice of records too, for only a single dollar. Pay the balance at rate of only a few cents a day.

Free Trial Try the new Edison in your own home before you decide to buy. Have all the newest entertainments. Entertain your friends. We will send it to you without a penny down.

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OUR HOUSEKEEPING EXCHANGE

Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

TO REMOVE VARNISH.—I cleaned to the natural wood several coatings of varnish from a space of about 160 square feet in three hours. My method was simple. I boiled a solution of one pound of good washing powder and two quarts of water. Starting from one end of the room I swabbed with a dish-mop about three feet and let the solution stand for a few minutes. In the meantime I started the other end of the room. Then I wiped the first space with wet cloths and rinsed several times, rubbing always "with the boards." I changed the rinse water as it became cloudy and kept the mixture boiling. When it got too thick I threw it out and started again.

—R. H., New York City.



it gets cold, I cut small pieces of paraffin and put these on top of the rubber, which extends beyond the edge of the cap. The paraffin will melt and run round the edge, and when cold, will form an air-tight sealing. This is a particularly satisfactory method when caps are being used a second time, as it is likely that they have been pried up a little on the edges and thus deprived of their air-tightness.

—Mrs. E. A. S., Michigan.

EASY RUNNING SCREENS.—To prevent screens from sticking during damp weather, a never-failing remedy is to rub a little common soap on both screen and screen strip.

—V. J., Brooklyn, New York.

TO KEEP CAKE FRESH.—To keep fruit-cake or wedding-cake moist, put a slice or two of fresh bread in the jar or box with the cake. The cake will absorb the moisture from the bread. Add fresh bread when the old becomes dry.

—V. D., Montclair, New Jersey.

A NEW USE FOR CANVAS GLOVES.—Canvas gloves, such as are bought for ten cents a pair in the stores, are available for many odd uses if they are first treated in this way. Melt a slab (4 ounces) of paraffin in a pan. Remove from the fire and add it to a pint of gasoline which has been warmed by setting the jar containing the gasoline in a pan of hot water. Soak the gloves in this solution and then hang out to dry. The gloves are now waterproofed and are much less awkward than a pair of tongs for putting ice into the refrigerator. They will protect your hands in doing any housework requiring the use of a damp cloth. When soiled, they can be washed by using luke-warm water and any good white soap. Each washing lessens somewhat the waterproofing properties, so that after a time they would have to be reproofed.

—H. F. H., Albany, N. Y.

Editor's Note.—We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope will be returned.

THE CARE OF CHINA.—Perhaps it is not known to everyone that the lasting qualities of china are more than doubled by boiling it before using. First of all, wrap each article in a piece of old white rag; place it carefully in a shallow stew-pan. Cover the china with cold water; set the pan on the fire or the gas-stove, and bring slowly and very carefully to the boiling point. Let it remain boiling for ten minutes; remove from the stove and let the water cool. Afterwards remove the china and wipe each piece with a soft towel. The most delicate china will not easily chip or crack after it has been treated in this manner.

—I. M. D., San Francisco.

CONCERNING FLOUR.—Having some large flour mills owned in our family, we have naturally come into a few special bits of information about flour. One which we have found particularly useful is always to keep two types of flour on hand, one made from spring wheat and one made from winter wheat or a blend of spring and winter wheat. The spring wheat flour has decidedly more rising power than the winter wheat and is consequently better for bread and rolls, while the winter wheat flour is softer and makes tenderer biscuits, cakes, and pastry. There is a slight economy in this plan, also, for the winter wheat flour sells for a trifle less than the spring wheat product.

—M. V., Rome, New York.

CANNING FRUIT.—I can my fruit while it is boiling-hot, and seal it in the usual way with cap and rubber. Then, before

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Better-flavored baking with Carnation Milk

It answers "yes" to every question

The questions below are the vitally important ones you should ask concerning your household milk supply. Carnation Milk answers "yes" to every one of them.

Is it pure?

It is fresh, clean, sweet, pure milk—handled in most sanitary ways and evaporated to the consistency of cream.

Is it safe?

It is hermetically sealed and sterilized. It cannot become contaminated in shipping or handling. It frees you from the risks in ordinary milk. Give it to the children to drink.

Is it convenient?

With a few cans in the pantry you always have a plentiful supply of the very purest milk you could desire.

Is it economical?

Having the consistency of cream, you bring it back to the original state with the added **betterment** of purity and safety by adding an equal amount of pure water. If you have been using skimmed milk for cooking, simply add more water to reduce the richness. There is less waste. It keeps several days after opening.

Is it practical?

It will prove itself to be the **only** milk supply your home requires. Use it in your cooking and baking. Use it as you do cream in coffee, tea, cocoa, etc. Pour it over cooked or fresh fruits, berries and cereals. Make ice cream, frozen dainties, desserts, etc., with it.

Is it satisfactory?

Thousands of housewives use nothing else but Carnation Milk. They buy it by the case, keep a few cans in the pantry and the rest of the case in the storeroom or basement. You will find, as they have found, that it "answers the milk question."

Try it now. Let your own experience with it convince you that it answers the milk question.

Write to us for a free copy of our handsomely illustrated book of Carnation Milk recipes for every day dishes, plain and fancy desserts, pastries, ice cream, candies, etc.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY

853 Stuart Building, Seattle, U.S.A.

Ask your grocer—"the Carnation Milkman"



Carnation Milk

Clean
Sweet
Pure

The Answer to the Milk Question



COLGATE'S

Morning

and Night



*"It is much better to take pains with your teeth
than to have your teeth taken with pains."*

So one young enthusiast for Good Teeth-Good Health wrote to us—and the thought is good for the elders too.

Let *your* children take pains with their teeth in the pleasant, safe and efficient way—by using Ribbon Dental Cream.

Pleasant because its flavor is delicious—promoting regular use.

Safe because its base is of our own make—free from harsh crystals.

Efficient because it cleans thoroughly as a mere liquid cannot do.

A generous trial tube sent for 4c in stamps

Colgate & Co.
Dept. L 199 Fulton St.
New York

Makers of Cushmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

A new size at 10c a cake

Sold Everywhere



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